THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXII No. 2245 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JANUARY 30 1943

McVITIE & PRICE

Biscuits of Highest Quality

Here's Health!

WILLIAM YOUNGERS Scotch Ale

PADDY

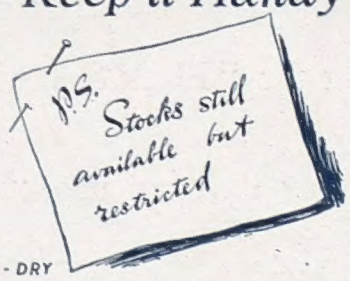
10 YEARS OLD WHISKY

The Cork Distilleries Co. Ltd., Cork, Ireland.

Welcome Always - Keep it Handy

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

QUEEN'S - *THE ORIGINAL* • SPORTSMAN'S - *DRY*



WARDONIA BLADES

OBTAINABLE AT ALL N.A.A.F.I. CANTEENS
Small Packet 1/-
Large Packet 2/6
Plus Tax

Fit All 3-Peg Razors

FOR BETTER SHAVES

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

GAYMER'S CYDER

WM. GAYMER & SON, LTD., ATTLEBOROUGH, NORFOLK, ENG.

Grant's Scotch Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

By Appointment

ON THE LOOK-OUT

Those who recognise real character and flavour in Scotch Whisky are always on the look-out for "Black & White". Its quality is of the highest, its flavour unexcelled.

"BLACK & WHITE"

It's the Scotch!

Volume CLXXII No. 2245 The SPHERE, London, January 30, 1943

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

A NEW BRITISH WEAPON: THE "PRIEST" GUN, WITH WHICH THE EIGHTH ARMY BEAT THE GERMAN 88-MM. GUNS of Rommel's Afrika Korps. It is a 105-mm. gun-howitzer mounted on a tank chassis as above—(*Further pictures on page 131 of this issue*)

In his review of the Battle of Egypt on November 11, Mr. Winston Churchill in the House of Commons made the first reference to this new and powerful weapon. On that occasion he revealed that President Roosevelt has "sent us a large number of self-propelled 105-mm. guns, which are most useful weapons for contending with the 88-mm. high-velocity guns of which the Germans have made so much," and that large numbers of 105-mm. had been sent out to Egypt. It has now been stated that these guns—known as "the Priest" to the Eighth Army—have played a notable part in the desert victories which have culminated in the capture of Tripoli. By the U.S. Army the gun is known as the M.5; it is mounted on the chassis of the M.3, or General Grant, tank in the manner shown above. In addition, a one-pounder gun is also mounted as an anti-aircraft weapon

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

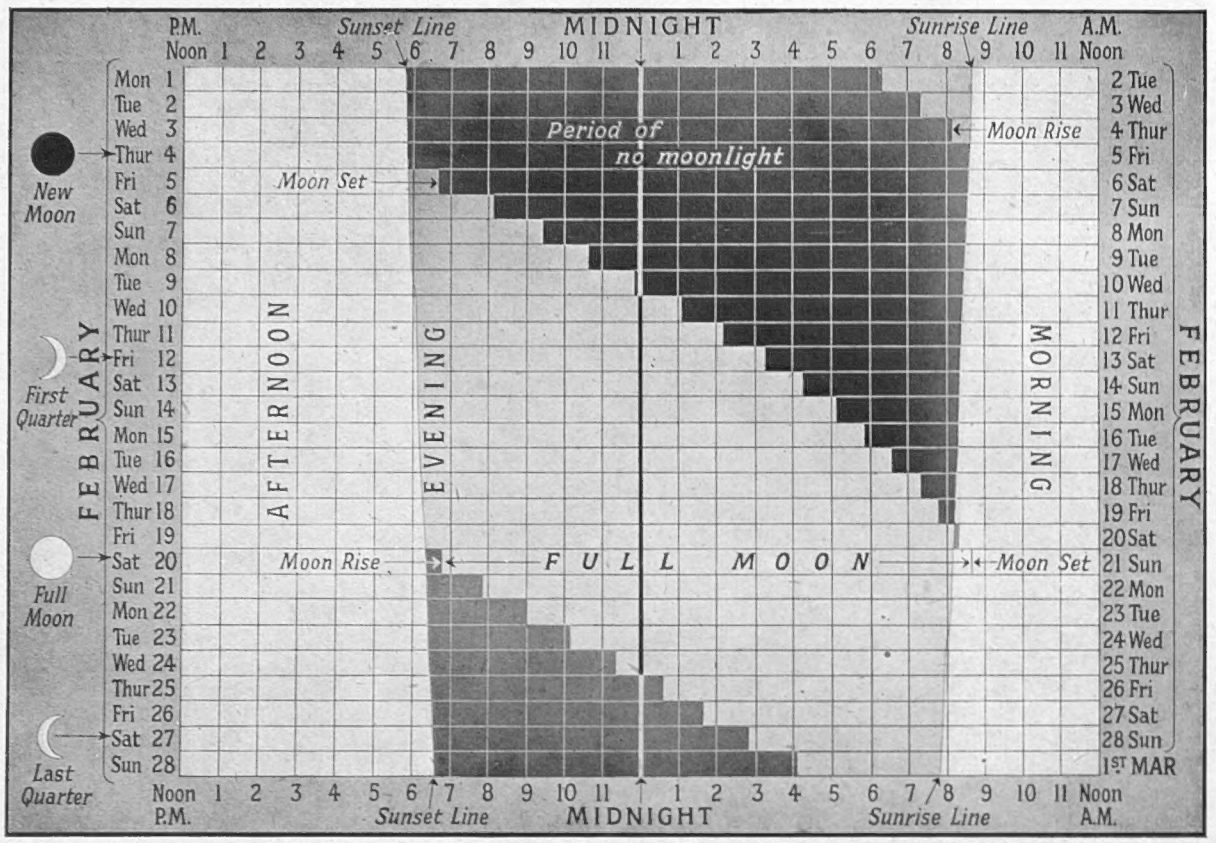
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 178

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Tripoli.—We come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. The barren sceptre has been finally wrested from the feeble grip of the Emperor of Italy. I do not know that he ever grasped it with much enthusiasm. A king, in the main dutiful, decent and of more than average intelligence, he had not the authority nor the character to resist the great Illusionist and he was led down the garden path with his people. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* Tripoli is in our hands and the Italian Empire is only a bitter and ridiculous memory. The hunt is over and the hunt is up. Tunisia is a stiff line of country. The Tripoli hunt has carried us 1,400 miles from our base. They tell us the threat to Egypt is for ever removed. I hope so. Crete is only about 200 miles from that base, and our available fighting troops must be strung out and strained over our long lines of communications. But I suppose there are good reasons why a lightning stroke, air-borne from Crete, is out of the question—a daring, dangerous stroke. I am not a strategist. Οὐκ αὖτος ἄλλα πικεὰπ στρατηγεῖη.. Alexander and Montgomery know all about it. The Tripoli campaign is a glorious feat of arms in British military history.

Leningrad. — The raising of the siege of Leningrad was announced to us late on January 18. In this stupendous counter-offensive, the freeing of one more great city in Russia had come to be a daily item of news, taken by us almost for granted. We have grown to anticipate the morrow's announcement with a ruler on a small-scale map, so confident is the Russian progress and our faith in the Russian military genius. But Leningrad, like Stalingrad, demands the tribute of a pause for reflection and a glance back. The Russian war, first and last, has been the triumph of the spirit of man in victory and still more in defeat. The Russians, among the nations at war, can claim a lion's share in revealing to what heights the spirit of men, women and children can rise in defence of all they hold dear, all that is worth fighting for. Not everything is worth fighting for. So vile, so imbecile, so totally evil is war that there are sane and decent men who will say that *nothing* is worth fighting for. But a vast majority of the human race, born free and still free, know that freedom and justice and decency in human relations are worth that supreme sacrifice. And so it is that, while the names of Lenin, and even of Stalin, have in the past often enough reminded us of things we could not understand and did not approve, their names, commemorated in those two cities, will have immortality and undying respect. By their works, unhappy Russia has come at last from darkness through blood to light. Of no other nation can it more truly be said that they saved Europe by their example, by their sufferings and by their energy.

Comrade Pandora's Box.—There is no bottom to Comrade Pandora's Box. Stalin is engaged in at least a dozen major offensives on his "four-figure" front. Some of them he leaves to the Germans to report, being himself too busy to mention them in the planning of new thrusts. Thus, we were all itching to hear on Sunday, January 17, a Moscow account of Berlin reports of heavy fighting near Leningrad, but, once more, we (like the Germans) were caught napping and are kept constantly guessing. The tale of liquidation was impressive. So also was the further decimation of the legion of the damned in the Stalingrad ring, after its refusal to surrender. Of this we may now be sure. Stalin *meant what he said.* He means to end the threat to Russia *this year,* by so dealing with the Nazi eastern armies that this summer the Germans will be in no posture to engage in offensive operations on any scale against Russia; and apparently Stalin has the means. We must not pause to enjoy the luxury of dipping into Stalin's brandpie, delightful occupation as it is. *Il faut en finir,* and we must be in it with Russia; be in at the death from the start of it by every means reasonably in our power. Time is only on our side if we ration it. Time is only on our side if we waste not one minute of it. We know that the U-boat menace is still our first vital problem. Stalin comprehends a great deal about our difficulties and a great deal about waging effective, non-stop war by every means. Though some aspects of his propaganda weapon are not clear to us, and other aspects of it strike us as ineffective, there is one aspect of it from which we can learn. He has never, I think, insulted the enemy peoples. With them, he usually tries reason and persuasion, arguing with them that they should overthrow their own oppressors and destroyers.



"THE SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

At the beginning of the month there is a period of no moonlight with the New Moon on the night of the 4th. Then the evenings begin to get lighter and the First Quarter appears on the 12th, the Moon reaching its full stage on the night of the 20th: rising half an hour after sunset and setting half an hour after sunrise. The last quarter stage is reached on the night of the 27th

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

London Palinode. — Not long ago I wrote a paragraph about London. I suggested that in her long immunity from air raids she had developed an unreality. The talk of the clubs, the crowds of Civil Servants and Service officials walking the streets with their attaché cases to and from luncheon, the crowds and queues on pavements and in buses—all seemed unreal to the countryman. These London figures seemed to me like people in a play—a gripping, strenuous tragedy, no doubt, but in a sense one less directly at grips with the brass tacks of war than in the London of 1941 or in the country-side of to-day. It was just an impression. Before my note could be printed, Bomber Command had picked Berlin for a target, and London had resumed the inconvenience of mild blitzing. By chance I went to London on the day of its first daylight raid for some months (January 20). A small and short affair, but, oddly enough, fairly noisy in the City for a few minutes. I was again impressed by the *unreality* of Londoners. Except for some typists and City clerks who left their desks to climb to the roofs to enjoy the spectacle, I saw in the streets not a man, woman or child who appeared to take the mildest interest in the entertainment. Yet burst shrapnel can fall quite dangerously and an occasional bomb can still cause injury. I felt proud of Londoners, but I wondered whether perhaps they do not carry their confidence almost too far, or suffer their long conquest of their nerves and fears to show too proud a disrespect of the enemy.

Premature? — There are few months in all the year when the countryman, who knows where to look, cannot find primroses flowering under the woodstack or in the shelter of a bank. It is the countryman's "score" over the townsman that he has learned that in truth there are no "seasons." It is always spring (and hope-time) to those who use their eyes and senses. This has been hitherto a very mild winter indeed, and such evidences of hope and spring are unusually widespread in the country. Indeed, only one snag has this January prevented the countryman from shaving his chin in optimism—summer-time hours. A foolish publicity—based perhaps on mathematical calculation—has for centuries given an absurd fame to December 22 as the shortest day of the year. In practice, town and country dweller alike rediscover every year that mornings grow darker and darker until January is far spent. When 8 o'clock is really 7 o'clock of a late January morning, the foolishness of this empty mathematical fame is emphasised and hope deferred makes the heart sick. For this January (except for the genius of the late Willett) we should surely have been shaving to the tunes of spring, and lathering to the delicious blather of thrushes, and even to the piping of blackbirds. For seldom has bird-song come back so early, come back before winter has been more than heralded, come back with the reckless courage that dismisses winter and other nasty things as moonshine and non-existent. We sometimes say to ourselves and neighbours in wartime that the kick has gone out of all the joys of human life, that a lovely summer's day or the glory of new greenery in spring are travesties under a sky which can rain death, and no consolation to minds obsessed with anxiety and the tragedy of human suffering. But it is not strictly true. It *does* make a difference—all the difference—to hear the birds singing again, to enjoy the sheen of crocuses, to glory in the flowering pirus, to *feel* the sun. At any rate, we may be sure that a day is "just round the corner" whereon we shall no longer stumble downstairs in darkness to remove the black-out from the hall. And that is something "devoutly to be wished."

General Lawrence.—It often struck me as a link with the distant past when I reflected that Sir Herbert Lawrence was a son of John Lawrence, of the Punjab and Mutiny. Yet there was no abnormal stretching of Time's elastic. John Lawrence was born as late as 1811 and did much of his great work while still young. His fourth son was one of the few men in my time to whom I have given *hero-worship.* I have found hero-worship difficult. The qualities of Sir Herbert Lawrence were so mixed in him that Nature stood up and declared him a hero—in my eyes. It was not only that he was outstanding alike in action and in thought. It was because he possessed the essential attributes of the great man and the great gentleman—which do not always combine in the characters of eminent men. That combination of virtues which made General Lawrence a hero in my eyes were humility, simplicity, courtesy, profound sense, restraint, cool and clear thinking, a vast experience of the art of war and the details of finance and business, generosity, tolerance and breadth of mind combining with rigid standards of honour, morality and justice. His value as right-hand man to Haig in the crises of war, and the hideous political intrigues which handicapped him, cannot be set too high. I fancy that younger men will best remember and admire him for that first quality of true greatness—his humility. He always made his younger friends feel that what they had to say on *any* subject (even his own particular) was of the first importance to him. I am proud to have known him and thankful to have had many opportunities to learn of his greatness, and to have spent in his company many hours of profit and uplift and pleasure.

THE OLD STAGER

THE CREW OF A "PRIEST" GUN LOADING UP WITH PETROL BEFORE THE START OF AN ENGAGEMENT IN THE DESERT. The chassis is that of a General Grant tank, but the gun crew are not fully enclosed in armour as they would be in a tank proper

THIS IS THE "PRIEST" GUN

Which Has Helped the Eighth Army on to Victory in Egypt and Tripolitania

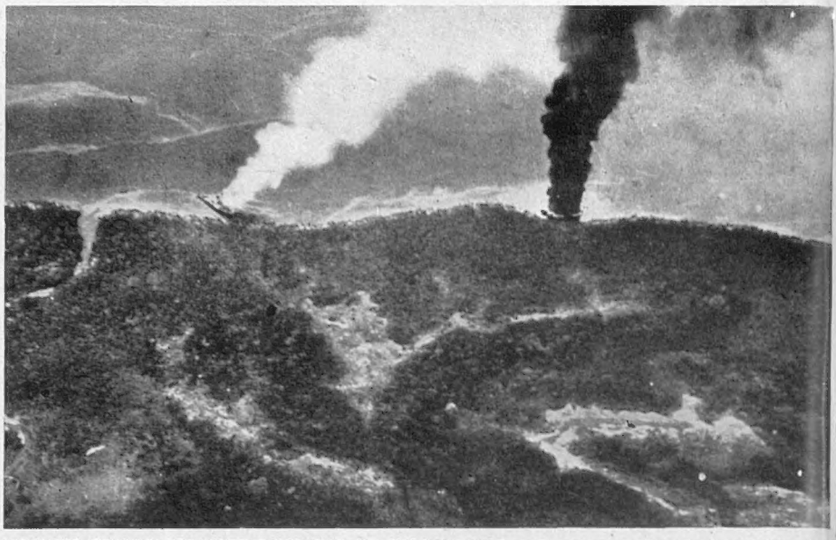
The "Priest" must have come as a bitter surprise for Rommel in Libya and, later, in Tripolitania. It is not a tank, but a self-propelling ordnance piece of great effectiveness, mounted on a General Grant chassis: in point of fact the "Priest" is a massive gun-howitzer of 105 mm.—the Allies' reply to the 88-mm. gun of which the Germans were so proud earlier in the Egyptian campaign. Equipped with a tank's tracked drive, the gun can traverse difficult country, taking its crew of some half-dozen men just wherever they wish. To support the gunners during action and to beat off hostile aircraft, a one-pounder A.-A. gun is located in a turret just behind the larger weapon. The pictures of the "Priest" published on this page and on the frontispiece are the first to be released for publication.

HOW THE SELF-PROPELLING GUN IS MANNED BY ITS CREW: The chassis is loaded down with equipment of all kinds and a good store of shells is also carried aboard. The crew are mostly seated in the open and serve the weapon without the protection of tank armour. In the hands of some of the most seasoned of United Kingdom regiments, the "Priests" have lived up to all expectations in Tripolitania

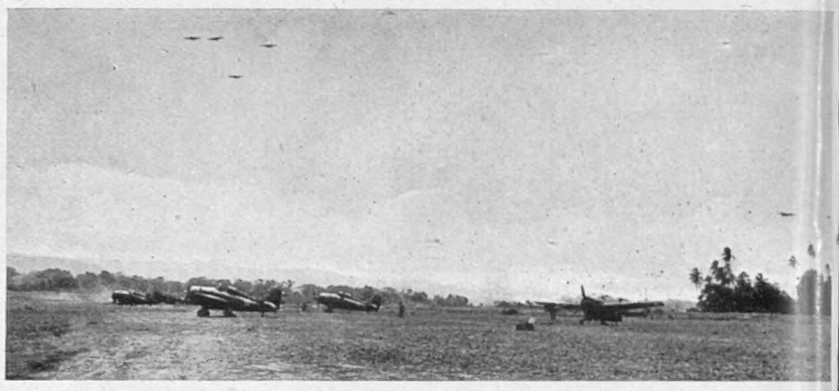
WAR BY LAND AND SEA AGAINST THE JAPS

(See also pp. 137-139 of this issue)

TWO AUSTRALIANS IN THE FIGHTING AT GONA: These tough-looking infantrymen had just come out for a spell after having taken part in the fighting on the northern coast of New Guinea, when the Japs were driven out of the Gona pocket. The picture was taken less than 100 yards from the Jap positions. Their boots and nether garments indicate what conditions are like in the actual fighting line—the toughest of any of the fighting zones of this war



JAPANESE TRANSPORTS MEET THEIR END AT GUADALCANAR. Two vessels beached and burning furiously, after being hit by U.S. shells and bombs at Tassafaronga, a few miles from the American positions on Guadalcanar Island, in the Solomons. The transports were attempting to reinforce the Japanese troops on the island

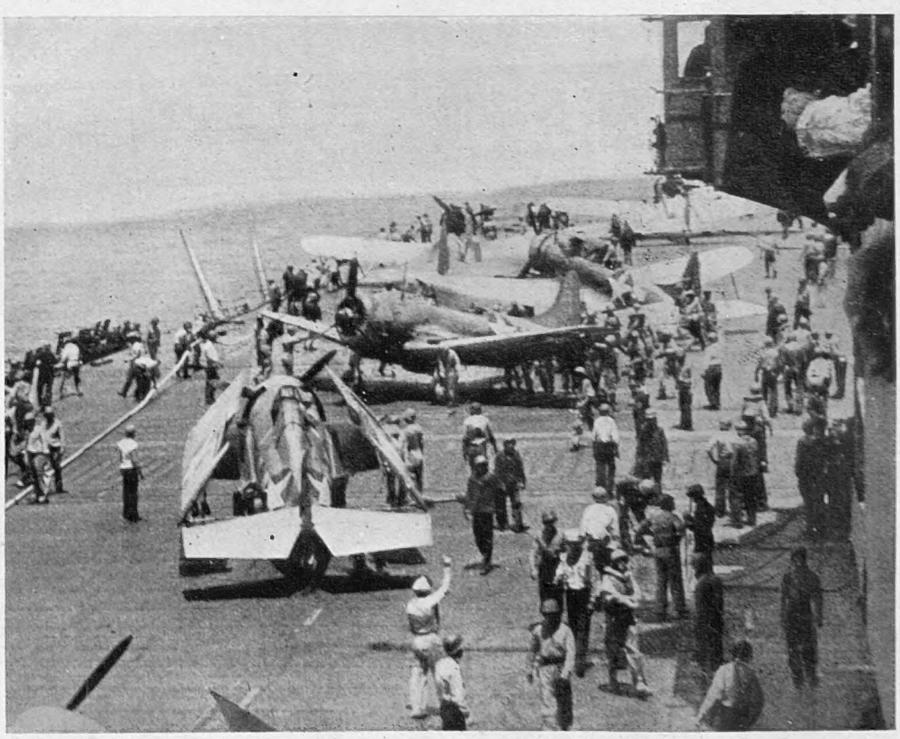


A SCENE ON THE ALL-IMPORTANT HENDERSON AIRFIELD ON GUADALCANAR. Ground crews prepare U.S. fighter planes to take off, after Flying Fortresses of the U.S. Army have already started off on a bombing mission against the Japs

AFTER THE SINKING OF THE U.S. TRANSPORT "PRESIDENT COOLIDGE" IN THE SOLOMONS: Whilst serving as a transport in the South Pacific, the 22,000-ton liner struck a mine and sank, at a moment when there were 4,000 troops on board. Only four men were lost however. This picture shows an auxiliary naval vessel jammed to the gunwales with rescued men after the disaster: she is standing by to take on still more from the oily waters. The "President Coolidge" is the tenth American transport to be sunk since the war began, and the fifth to meet with disaster in the Solomons area

PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE IN THE NEW GUINEA JUNGLE: Bearded and jungle-worn as the fighting men to whom he brings spiritual consolation, Father Stephen Dzienis, a U.S. Army chaplain (on right), is shown as he gives absolution to a group of soldiers before they went into action in the Buna area, on the north coast of Papua. The fighting here has been of the severest—tougher than in any other battle-zone of this war, with the exception of Crete. Nature has played a large part in the struggle, and the jungle has put up almost as many obstacles as the well-entrenched, fatalistic Japs

THE END OF A JAP "SUICIDE" PILOT: A film camera catches the life-and-death struggle between a U.S. aircraft-carrier and Jap bombers. The carrier zigzagged to such an extent that a U.S. plane (on left) was disabled whilst landing on the deck. The crew repairing her scurried for safety when a Jap plane, burning fiercely, tried to dive on to the deck of the carrier. It failed, crashing into the sea immediately behind. Far in the rear (on the right) is another Jap plane shot down by A.-A. fire



AFTER THE "SUICIDE" ATTEMPT PORTRAYED IN THE PICTURE ON THE LEFT. Members of the "Deck Force" of the carrier are here seen making up for lost time: they are refuelling, rearming and servicing fighting planes, following the attack by Jap dive-bombers seen in the left-hand picture. A "Damage Control Crew" may be seen at the left taking in an emergency hose; whilst teams, awaiting the return of their planes, stand grouped about discussing the recent attack by the suicidal Japs

LAVAL'S ANTI-INVASION "EMMA"

The National Militia which Now Forms His Own Private Army and which Works in Union with the German Gestapo

Described by FERDINAND TUOHY

WHAT may well prove Laval's last fling, of any substantial value to Hitler, has been launched from Vichy by the doomed little Auvergnat quisling.

Among the various demands made by Hitler at Berchtesgaden was one for French troops to bolster up the Eastern Front. He wanted four battle-worthy divisions by the spring, for incorporation with the *Wehrmacht*, and Admiral Platon, Laval's Secretary of State, was given the job of mustering the necessary effectives. He has spent over a month trying to do so, and has drawn a complete blank.

First he combed the disbanded Vichy Army, but hardly an officer or an N.C.O. would come forward. Their spirit and state of mind are no doubt on a par with the sentiments of the senior members of the disbanded French General Staff, who spend their time (Madrid tells us) wandering about the park at Vichy, or listening intently to the London radio. As for Platon's attempt with the personnel of the Toulon Fleet, that was met with scorn; the Germans have had to admit that nearly 30,000 naval officers and ratings have been packed off to their homes.

The Admiral's next effort was with the notorious "Tricolor Legion," founded by the Paris quislings Déat, Labonne and Doriot, but with Laval stimulation in the former unoccupied zone. This body is mostly made up of thugs and former "Cowled Men." It might have yielded a few battalions of desperate traitors-to-France. But Laval said he could not get going with his own repressive "National Militia" unless the "Tricolor Legion" were dissolved, so dissolved it has been on Nazi instructions.

About the same time hope had to be abandoned of raising more than 1,000 or 2,000 for the much-boomed "African Falange," which was to have crossed to fight beside the Axis in North Africa. In fact, it came down to this: Hitler and Laval might force or goad Frenchmen into war factories in Germany and France, but that was as far as they would ever get. Events had proved that a French military collaboration with Germany, even on the smallest scale, was out of the question.

This brings us to what I have suggested may be Laval's last fling. He has set afoot tantamount to a division not for fighting on the German side, but for the elimination of true Frenchmen. This force he calls the "National Militia," and it has been drawn principally from the more treacherous and criminal members transferred from Pétain's original Legion, to form the S.O.L. (Solidarité d'Ordre Légionnaire). This Militia is working in union with the Gestapo and the Vichy and Paris police services, with the avowed object of emasculating the French movements of resistance before the British and Americans can set foot on the Continent. Such is Laval's contribution on the military side. Unable to give French troops to Hitler, he is participating in the German defence of France against Allied landings expected for the oncoming spring.

Laval is engaged in a preventive war directed against all those upon whom we have come to count as French patriots. Hitler wants to make sure in advance that his forces in occupation will not be called upon to deal with French risings. He aspires to break the "Offensive of Liberation," as the French refer to their most cherished day, here and now. And so thousands of his own Gestapo and of Laval's Militia and police are engaged upon the biggest man-hunt Western Europe has ever known—Fouché's forays were mere picnics compared to it. Since the New Year, tens of thousands of French citizens, including many women, have been rounded up and committed to an unknown fate. It may be prison, the concentration camp, the execution squad or just "vanished."

It is encouraging for the future of France that people of all classes are suffering in common—the university professor who edited an underground broadsheet alongside the railway porter who sabotaged a locomotive, and doctors, teachers and students beside artisans, waiters and labourers.

Recent emphasis upon French happenings beyond the frontiers of France has pushed into the background this dire event inside the country, this Terror of nation-wide arrests and vanishings. Coming on top of hunger, cold, separation and grief, and the conqueror's now ubiquitous tread, the new infliction rounds out a winter of lasting, terrible French memory. At least when Manteuffel's Prussians and Bavarians occupied nineteen French provinces in the winters of 1870-71-72, they had no French to aid them in their repressive measures, which, incidentally, were not so terrible in the circumstances. The worst about the Terror of the winter of 1942-43 is that so large a part of it is traceable to Frenchmen. A recent report to the French here said that 80 per cent. of all arrests were being effected by Frenchmen.

When we read of 500 arrests in Paris; of 300 in Lyons or Toulouse; of 400 at Marseilles; and of hundreds more in the Dordogne, we think at once of the Gestapo and Schutz Staffel, and, true enough, these frightful inquisitions today hover directly or indirectly over every French township and hamlet. Yet Oberg, their chief in Paris, operates far from alone. He has a French lackey in René Bousquet, alternately mentioned as Secretary-General of Police, and as Paris Chief of Police. At any rate, Bousquet carries out his "raffles" under full Vichy sanction, and in any part of the country. When his miserable men do not themselves arrest, working as a "Brigade des Raffles," they pilot the Germans to their quarry.

Officially, the round-ups are of "Jews, Communists and agitators." In reality, Bousquet is seeking to eliminate all Frenchmen and women of spirit who exercise local influence—from a Herriot down to the girl school-teacher who omits to rub out "Vive de Gaulle!" on the blackboard. Using his files and dossiers and card-indexes, as these are available to him at the Ministry of the Interior, Bousquet is making a sweep of patriots, prepared a long time ahead. It is one of those "netting" operations such as detectives delight in, when combatting criminal gangs. Only, in this case, the "criminals" are among the finest men and women—and quite a number of children—that France possesses.

When no specific charge is made, as of sabotage, carrying arms or of doing Gaullist propaganda, victims are vaguely accused of *menées anti-nationales* (intrigues against the State), now widely abbreviated to the initials "M.A."—"Emma." That was what I understood an escaped Frenchman to say. "Yes, you may pronounce it like that," he nodded. "We did."

The history of "Emma" is short and sharp. This French version of the Gestapo was conceived and launched by the late Admiral Darlan, when he posted officer-informers, "Darlan men," to regiments and warships, with mission to listen to the opinions of brother-officers. When the officer "stoodges" became suspect, they were moved to other regiments and warships, for newcomers to be introduced in their stead. Now the days of "Emma" are over in the Services, but she has been transferred in more terrible guise to civilian life. And Laval instead of Darlan is her presiding spirit.

"Emma" raps at coldest, blackest five in the morning, and carries off fathers, sons, brothers, husbands, and women too. All one may take is a small handbag, and the time limit can be as brief as ten minutes. Then into the prison-van outside. The same treacherous police hunt out the skilled workers for slavery in Germany. However, it is necessary to say this: the next time you see gendarmes, do not think they were all guilty. Far from it. Many French police who carry on under the Nazis and under Vichy are in unspoken communion with the patriots who will not forget the fact. The scoundrels associated with "Emma" are a minority of brutal, cynical policemen, long used to privilege, and either bought by Fascism before the war, or produced since from "Cowled Men" and their ilk.

These police bodies—and there are several varieties from gendarmerie to Mobile Guards—are thought to number 50,000 for all France. Darlan greatly increased them during his Premiership, and later Laval added to their number. Taken in conjunction with the new Militia, and with a reinforced Gestapo and S.S., it is estimated that an aggregate of 100,000 men are bearing violently down on the French resistance movements. Nor is that the full Army of Repression, since thousands of men and women informers are at work night and day.

Laval quickly arranged for two schools to be established, one near Paris, the other near Vichy, at which the latest and worst methods of the Gestapo are taught to his own special secret police. These had been selected by the Gestapo from the ranks of the S.O.L. (originally Pétain's Legion). They are spurred by the knowledge that their eventual doom is certain. They know that the mass of French people have got their "numbers" and that they will be "for it" on the day of liberation. Indeed, this applies to many more than they. The whole 100,000 designated above fear a growing war against themselves as the Nazi cause gets weaker and as guerilla tactics increase. So they are bent on getting their own blow in first, not only to help Hitler defend France, but to safeguard their own skins.

Will they succeed in extinguishing French resistance? Not a chance! As well speak of extinguishing the whole population. Not a doubt but that the present widespread "raffles" will interfere with resistance, making this more uneasy and dangerous. But the French people are now too knit together, all except the 5 per cent. of traitors and collaborationists who have denationalised themselves. The advent of "Emma" only binds them more together. "Emma," which designates the hostages, watches behind the factory bench, listens at the café. Yes, "Emma" will be remembered as she figures to-day: arm-in-arm with the Gestapo. When liberation comes, woe indeed to all Frenchmen—and women—who have had a hand in "Emma"!

THE PRIVATE ARMY OF THE FRENCH QUISLING: This body of men, part of the "National Militia" of 100,000 strong, salute their creator—Laval. Their florid uniform is of a special design. This force will help the Police to "maintain order"—in other words, to suppress pro-Allied Frenchmen

LAVAL JOINS THE QUEUE AT THE FÜHRER'S HEADQUARTERS: On the day after Ciano and the Italian Chief of Staff Cavallero were summoned to Germany recently, Pierre Laval was also called to his master's Headquarters for a conference. He was received by Ribbentrop, who—as usual—looked down his nose at the new arrival!

FROM THE RUSSIAN FRONT

A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE PLAITED STRAW "OVER-SHOES" with which the German soldiers in Russia have been issued to combat the snow and ice

THE HITLER-APPROVED NEW GERMAN UNIFORMS—which, so far, have not helped them much!

This winter the German retreats on the Eastern Front cannot be attributed to Nazi unpreparedness for the intense cold, for the Germans have been boasting of the winter equipment issued to the troops. The design for this was approved by Hitler himself as far back as last April: and after the Führer's approval the equipment was put into mass production. The Infantry uniform shown above consists of three layers of cloth, of which the outer one is impregnated: a hood protects the head and a close-fitting mask and cap protect head, nose and cheeks. Last winter's experiences also taught the Germans that the Nazi jack-boot cannot stand up to the Russian winter, as leather is useless in the snow and ice. Hence the straw "overshoes" seen on the left have been introduced for crossing deep snow-drifts

RUSSIAN FARMERS RETURN TO THEIR DESTROYED VILLAGE AND LIVE IN TEMPORARY HOMES SUCH AS THE ABOVE. Peasants of a "collective farm" behind the Central Front found that practically all trace of their former homes had been wiped out by the Germans. Nothing daunted, men and women set to work: by using old dug-outs, and making use of anything they could collect in the way of salvage, temporary dwelling-places like those above were soon erected and work on the land will soon be in full swing. After the crops have been sown, and other urgent work has been carried out, the village will be rebuilt in proper style

ARMS IN PLENTY FOR THE ADVANCING SOVIET INFANTRY: The huge reserves built up steadily by the Russian High Command are now enabling the Red Army to extend and continue their great offensives along almost all sections of the lengthy battleline. This is the scene at one Ordnance Depot on the Russian central front: stacks of automatic rifles, all new and just delivered from the factories, are being served out to the Red Infantry for use against the retreating Germans

RUSSIAN RAILWAY ENGINEERS WORK UNDER SHELL-FIRE: One of the main objects of Russian strategy has been to break through the German positions and cut the railways, which form a vital means of communication for the Germans, and in some cases the only means of escape for the retreating Nazis. This picture shows Engineers of the Red Army repairing and re-laying the track in territory recently liberated on the south-western front, and which is still under shell-fire from the enemy's guns

How the EIGHTH ARMY SWEPT THROUGH the WADI EL CHEBIR

THIS IS A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WADI where it was expected that Rommel would attempt a stand against the rapidly advancing Eighth Army. British vehicles are seen crossing and raising clouds of dust as they hurry forward

At the Wadi el Chebir it was expected that the Afrika Korps would make a stand, because this position lends itself to defence and because a determined resistance here might have slowed up General Montgomery's Army in its approach towards Tripoli The Wadi itself is shallow, with a bottom of heavy sand which might have caused trouble for our mechanised forces. Signs of digging-in by the enemy had been observed during the course of aerial reconnaissance, and it was believed that not only was Rommel using the remnants of the Italian infantry divisions defeated at Alamein for this purpose, but also some native labour brought back from Cyrenaica. In the result, however, no stand was made at the Wadi. The advance guard of the Eighth Army reached the spot on December 28, when they found that the enemy had left the position undefended and had gone farther back. They dipped down into the comparatively shallow depression and crossed it without a shot being fired from the ground, although German dive-bombers made a brief appearance as our troops went over. Another strong-point in the drive to Tripoli had been passed!

THROUGH A SEA OF SAND A NEW ZEALAND CONVOY PLOUGHS ACROSS THE DESERT in the van of the Allied Forces pressing forward against the Axis in Tripolitania. Everywhere the desert tracks swarm with vehicles of all descriptions

Far up in pursuit of Rommel presses the vanguard of the Eighth Army, the desert swarming with lorries, transports, armoured cars and tanks. And behind the advance guard come the supply columns. Observers have vividly described the crowded scene, and given us a picture of a desert swarming with activity as far back as Alexandria. For a thousand miles from the base the desert tracks are packed with vehicles of all descriptions hurrying forward with supplies for the Army in the field. Day and night the great lorries and transports thunder on, taking their much-needed stores over hundreds of miles uncontested by the enemy. The amount of detail work by the staff and by the Quartermaster-General's department involved in the organisation of these great convoys can well be imagined

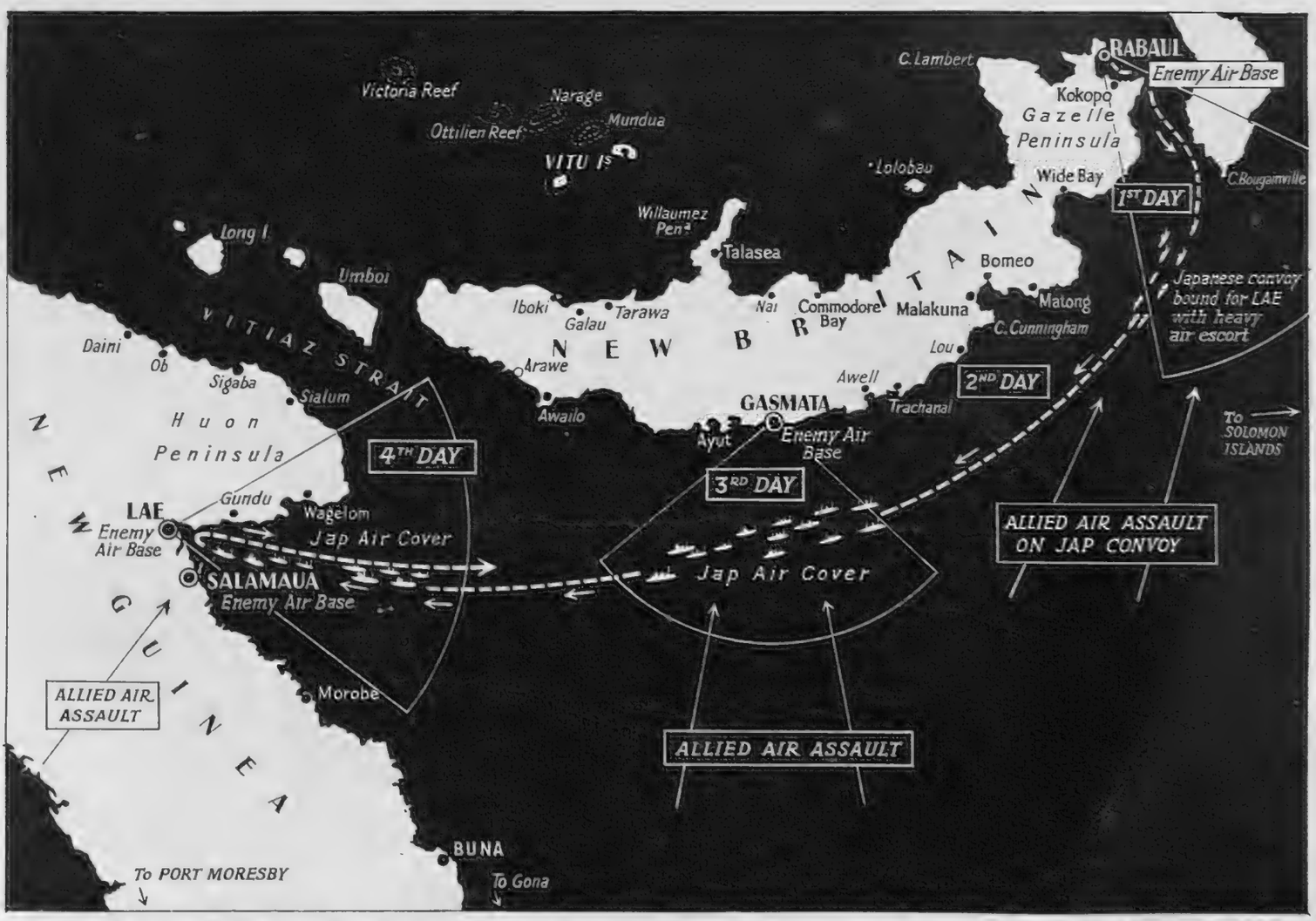
THE STRATEGIC POSITION IN THE SOUTH-WEST PACIFIC AT THE BEGINNING OF 1943. A special map which shows how desperate is the Japanese effort to hold on to positions in the Solomons and New Guinea, owing to the vast distances involved. The Japs need an ever-increasing number of transports and naval vessels to hold what they acquired in the early days of their campaign in this area; but great numbers of their shipping have already been sunk!

AIR/SEA WARFARE in the S.W. PACIFIC

The Fighting in New Guinea and the Solomons Illustrated by Special Drawings and Diagrams

—A Special Sphere Section

When the big Japanese convoy recently started out from Rabaul, with the object of replenishing Lae and possibly other points with badly needed supplies, a serious departure from former practice became evident on the part of the enemy. Instead of sending single ships, or two or three, out at intervals with instructions to travel as much as possible by night and to take cover against wooded islands or headlands by day, ships set out as one big convoy, with naval and air escort. The tactical plan was evidently to employ shore air bases which would reinforce the defensive strength of the convoy as it passed south and west along New Britain. Fighter aircraft would see the convoy out of Rabaul and as far on its way as possible. When these had to return, air protection would be afforded by shore-based planes from Gasmata; on nearing Lae, planes would come out to meet the convoy. But the Allied air assault was too heavy and the target under these circumstances too large. Allied pilots stated that on the third day of the convoy's journey they did encounter relays of fighters from Gasmata, but the punishment these received was heavy.



UNSUCCESSFUL JAP TACTICS IN THE AIR/SEA WAR OFF THE SHORES OF NEW BRITAIN AND NEW GUINEA—or, the tactical plan which failed! For the passage of the huge convoy from Rabaul, the central Jap base in New Britain, the enemy relied upon a chain of protective land bases from which waves of fighters could provide an air "umbrella." The scheme did not work, however, and the convoy suffered heavy losses at the hands of Allied bombers (see *notes above*)

THE FIGHT FOR THE VITALLY IMPORTANT HENDERSON AIRFIELD ON GUADALCANAR ISLAND, IN THE SOLOMONS: A drawing which shows its location with relation to the sea and to the central mountain masses, and where the U.S. Marines and the Japs have been in conflict—*Drawing by Percy Home*

AIR/SEA WARFARE in the SOUTH-WEST PACIFIC (Cont.)

For several months during the latter part of last year, the tide of war ebbed and flowed as the Japanese forces attempted desperately to regain their lost air base, which the American Marine Force was equally determined to hold. The Henderson Airfield has been the vital portion in a strip of land which is small but of vast importance to the contestants.

From the airfield there set out flight after flight of Allied planes, which bomb not only Japanese convoys and naval forces, seeking to replenish the small areas which the enemy hold around the airfield, but also the enemy bases at Rabaul, Gasmata, Bougainville and the new airfield on Munda, in the New Georgia group. The land fighting has continued, under very trying jungle conditions, to west, south and east of the defended area. During recent weeks activity has been chiefly evident in easterly and south-easterly districts. Fighting has also taken place in the south-west, in the Mount Austen direction, which overlooks the aerodromes and from which the Japanese have shelled the American positions from time to time.

It has become evident that the enemy has been getting very short of food and other supplies and has been attempting to make these shortages good by some curious methods. One of these has been the dropping of metal drums containing food, small-arms ammunition and other military supplies from destroyers which have approached the shore as closely as circumstances would permit. Apparently, the Japanese destroyers, fearing a joint naval and air attack by local U.S. forces, did not attempt to get the drums ashore by boat or other means, but dropped them overboard with the idea that the tide would wash them on to the beaches.

The latest reports seem to indicate that the Americans feel confident that they can hold this territory, and gradually press the Japanese forces out of the island if the U.S. Navy are in a position to give them the requisite amount of support at sea. The definite check which the Japanese received at the end of October showed how dangerous was the enemy's position once his sea-borne supplies were challenged.

THE JAPS AT SANANANDA, AFTER THEIR ESCAPE FROM BUNA, ATTEMPT TO CONSTRUCT STRONG-POINTS IN THE SWAMPY JUNGLE—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

When Buna Mission was captured from the Japs, a certain number of the enemy were able to escape, to make their way overland to the Sanananda Point salient. Here for a time they lived in the swamps amidst dense jungle. It is believed that they carried with them food and ammunition sufficient for many days. Lacking tanks to charge down the few tracks, the job of uprooting the enemy devolved on the Allied infantry. The jungle is so matted that even preliminary artillery or mortar bombardments do not necessarily destroy the heavy log barricades in which the Japanese conceal their machine-guns. Sometimes they are heard chopping in a jungle post, getting timber to rebuild damaged barricades, perhaps only 40 or 50 yards from our troops, but still unseen. The basic problem has been to find the enemy; and in the dense tall timber, with trailing vines and clinging plants, he finds the maximum assistance, camouflage and concealment. When a point such as the above has been located, the Allied attackers have thrown petrol or coco-nut logs, which were then set on fire by incendiary bullets. Japanese shelters were still burning twelve hours after such attacks. Sanananda Point has now been captured by the Allied forces

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

gloom of the Arctic winter. Two cruisers (of the Dido class, of 5,450 tons) are here signalling to each other during a the rest is Arctic night—(*see article at right*)—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

THE BATTLE OF NORTH CAPE

A Description of this High Arctic Region of Gloom and Mist and Ice

By L. O. HANSEN

FOR the fourth time this war, the spotlight has centred on operations well within the Arctic Circle: the pursuit of the *Bismarck* through the Denmark Straits; the Lofoten Raid; the Spitzbergen Raid; and, lastly, the New Year's Eve action between a British destroyer convoy escort and a heavy German force, somewhere between the North Cape and Bear Island.

Those who heard the account of the action given by the Chief Yeoman of Signals aboard the flagship were probably puzzled by the way in which the opposing warships got well within range of one another before opening fire. "At one point" (as the Yeoman said) "we sighted a destroyer, sneaking up on us from the opposite bow." The explanation is that, in these high latitudes (the North Cape is about as far north of Iceland as Iceland is north of Aberdeen), the sun sets about November 28, and does not show itself, even partially, above the horizon again until mid-January. There is a sort of grey half-light during the middle period of the day, and at the full moon quite a good light throughout the twenty-four hours. But, apart from this, and the freakish assistance of the Aurora Borealis, "daylight" is, at best, a peculiar grey monochrome, in which sea and sky blend imperceptibly together in an oddly photographic fashion. Fogs are common here, for temperatures rise and fall rapidly with shifts of wind. It is not uncommon for a temperature of 25 deg. F. to be registered here in mid-December—possibly several degrees warmer than Scotland on the same day. But—and it is a big but—let a gale spring up, and two days later one may be experiencing a blizzard temperature several degrees below zero.

The convoy defended by the destroyers was actually steering a course, at this point, more northerly than the northernmost tip of Alaska; in the Antarctic, in the corresponding latitudes, one would be in the Weddell Sea, where Shackleton's *Endurance* perished under the pressure of thousands of tons of pack-ice. How is it that we can send regular convoys on this high route, even in mid-winter?

In the first place, the Arctic has a much milder climate than the Antarctic, and the European sector of the Arctic is milder still than the Greenland or Alaskan sectors. The explanation is that the Antarctic region is a vast frozen land-mass (about as big as Australia and Europe together), whereas the Arctic is mainly a sea-mass, particularly in the European area. Spitzbergen, for example, has a permanent population of several thousands, and even a brief summer, in which the hills become bright with little scarlet flowers and dwarf willow shrubs, and migrant birds and foxes, hares and bears—all this in 80 deg. N. In 80 deg. S., one is well within the region of eternal ice and snow.

Though the coastal fringes and fiords in the region of the North Cape become frozen up in winter (Hammerfest is the last all-year-round ice-free port), there is a broad belt of ice-free water extending many miles offshore, round the north of Norway, and leading to Murmansk. On the last stages of the journey, ice-breakers are needed, and the Russians have undoubtedly built some marvellously efficient vessels for the work. But, until well east of the North Cape, no solid ice is likely to be met. What is met occasionally is a vast fleet of circular ice-floes, 6 ft. or more in diameter, produced by the breaking up and jostling together of the pack-ice farther north. To see several square miles of sea carpeted with these snow-white ice circles is an amazing sight, but one familiar to the skippers of many British trawlers who fish these waters, and who have christened this area "the lily pond" as a result.

The North Cape itself, which will probably give its name to the action, is a blunt promontory of reddish rock, about 1,000 ft. high, with a fairly level top, on which there used to be a small hostel and "post-office," to cater for a few venturesome tourists who wished to say they had been to the northernmost tip of Europe. Its native population consists largely of half-breed Quains and Lapps, fishers and fur trappers and reindeer hunters.

The Cape rises sheer from the sea, with deep water running right to its foot, and makes an imposing sight in the mists and storms of the northern winter. On the north-east face of the Cape rises a separate pinnacle, about 850 ft. high, known locally as the Nord Kap Horn, and much more spectacular in its nature than the Cape proper. Eagles can often be seen wheeling round it, and reindeer herds sometimes break its skyline with their antlers. Now, for the first time in history, its sheer walls have echoed the thunder of naval guns, and witnessed the failure of another attempt to deprive our convoys of the passage of the seas.

WINTER WEAR FOR SEAMEN IN HIGH NORTHERN LATITUDES: At a port somewhere in England, supply ships, loaded with materials from the United States and British factories, assemble into convoys for the long journey through the Arctic to Murmansk. To withstand the icy winds which blow down on the ships travelling on this route, at this time of year, the gun crews stand watch, and man their guns, in hooded fur coats like the above

***On left*—BEAR ISLAND, to the north of the Barents Sea: A desolate Arctic spot which has been figuring in recent Admiralty reports**—*Drawing by Percy Home*

A small island, which measures only about nine miles by seven, has been figuring in recent news bulletins describing the war in the Arctic Ocean. This is Bear Island, which lies in the north-west corner of the Barents Sea and which is a little pendant to the Spitzbergen group. Away to the south is North Cape, the most northerly point of Norway. This last-named bold headland and the cliffs of Bear Island form, as it were, bastions at the western gateway to the Barents Sea (named after Willem Barents, the Dutch navigator who died off Nova Zembla in 1597). Bear Island is pear-shaped in form, the widest and flattest part lying to the north. The high ground lies at the southern tip, where the Alfred Range provides some bold cliff scenery—a welcome addition to a scene of ice and wintry sky. A group of peaks projects north-eastwards beyond South Haven, Mount Misery being the most outstanding of the group. In the forefront of the drawing on the left, the sea is shown covered with circular "pancake" ice, the edges of the flanking cakes rising up in a kind of tooth-like edge, due to the grinding of the pieces of floe against one another. "Lily Pond" is another name given to this curious Polar phenomenon

INSIDE THE COASTAL DEFENCE ROOM. High above sits the Controlling Officer: below, on the ground-floor level, is a complete plan of the island, on which attack and defence can both be plotted. This is one of the principal underground chambers at Malta War Headquarters

AT WAR HEAD-QUARTERS AT MALTA

The Nerve-centre Where the Island's Defence Work is Co-ordinated

The pictures reproduced on these two pages were released by the War Office a few days ago. They show the island's nerve-centre, deep underground. War Headquarters presents something of a maze to the newcomer. Innumerable tunnels have been hewn out of the rock to connect the various vital departments, and more are constantly being added, so that the work of co-ordinating the island's defence can continue undisturbed even during the heaviest blitz. The series of pictures given here show something of the work which goes on deep down below the island

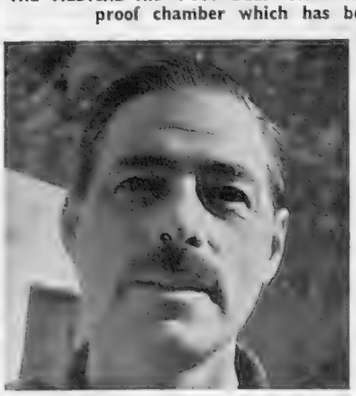
THE ENTRANCE TO THE UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS: A scene in the Courtyard—on the left is Major-General C. T. Beckett, M.C. (in command of the Royal Artillery); in the centre is Commander Evans; and on the right is Brigadier Stayner (in command of Administration)

A SCENE IN THE COMBINED OPERATIONS ROOM, where the Army, Navy and R.A.F. work together in the island's defence. The three Services on Malta have co-operated throughout the whole period of over 2½ years during which the island has been subjected to heavy assault

COASTAL DEFENCE: An officer stretches himself over the map-table the better to indicate what actions are proceeding at the moment

MALTESE WORKMEN are continually blasting out more tunnels and chambers in the rock to make the War Headquarters completely impregnable

THE MEDICAL AID POST DEEP UNDERGROUND. This is safely housed in a bomb-proof chamber which has been cut out of the solid rock



BRIGADIER STAYNER, in command of Administration at War Headquarters, Malta

CAPT. CASPAR S. B. SWINLEY, D.S.O., R.N. (ex-commander of H.M.S. "Iris"), now Chief of Staff, Malta

FIRST AID ON THE ACTUAL BATTLEFIELD: A SCENE AMIDST THE SAND-DUNES OF TRIPOLITANIA, where the wounded are picked up by R.A.M.C. men whils to the field hospitals which have been established just behind the fighting line. By this means the danger period—betwee

The CARE of the WOUNDED

The Work of the R.A.M.C. on the Battlefield and in Field Hospital

Described by MICHAEL J. MASSEY

KIPLING had a drastic prescription for "when you lie wounded on Afghanistan plains." Doubtless obtained from those old-stagers, Privates Mulvaney and Ortheris, his advice "just roll to your rifle and blow out your brains" was probably authentic enough. But to the present-day soldier it reads more like a quotation from the 1580's than the 1880's.

Hopeless cases for the modern Army tend to be few and far between. An American Army medical officer recently declared that in this war the prospects of recovery for wounded men are nearly twice what they were in the 1914 war. What has contributed to this improvement? Undoubtedly, there has been a tremendous, all-round raising of the standard of military medical services. Casualty clearing-stations and field hospitals now follow much more closely and quickly in the wake of the troops, and far

On left—**THREE WOUNDED PRISONERS OF WAR who did a magnificent job of work among the other 30 men in Derna Hospital after the Axis had left that port during the Libyan advance. The sergeant on the right, with his two comrades, dressed the wounds of the men and tended them in every way during the five days before the first British troops arrived in the town**

the advance is still in progress and within a matter of minutes. Immediate treatment is given on the battlefield itself, and the wounded are then transferred receiving the wound and its treatment in hospital—is reduced to the barest minimum—*Drawing by Edward Osmond* (see *article below*)

more elaborate operations are now done in them. In addition, the mechanisation of war has also drastically cut the time supervening before wounded men receive treatment.

The equipment of the field hospitals is marvellously complete, and housed in tents so that the entire unit is completely mobile. With its own power-station and operating-theatre, it often works so near the front line that sometimes its own medical staff have to receive treatment for bullet wounds or bomb splinters. Close co-operation with the R.A.F. provides a high-speed delivery service to replace damaged equipment, used-up stores of drugs and operating materials, or even to fly up from the base new staff or surgeons or nurses specially skilled in dealing with a particular type of casualty—which may be anything from a fractured spine to a gastric ulcer. Not only the R.A.F., but also despatch-riders may be pressed into service—supplies of blood for transfusion may run low, but within an hour new bottled supplies may be driven up from the "advanced blood bank," itself well within bombing range of the enemy, and also within sound, if not range, of the guns.

Burns have become an increasingly frequent injury in war. In the old days, they were not only painful and highly dangerous at the time, but they left a disfiguring scar, and frequent permanent physical disablement. Now, a method frequently employed is to put the injured area in an oilskin envelope and to "irrigate" the burned tissues with a mild antiseptic agent, which also stimulates healing. The results obtained in many cases have been a remarkable

(*Continued on following page*)

On right—**DURING THE LIBYAN ADVANCE of the Eighth Army : A captain of the R.A.M.C. attending to a native patient in the hospital at Derna**

AN INSPIRING ACTION DURING THE BATTLE OF ALAMEIN: How the wounded were cared for, under "ferocious mortar fire," by a stretcher-bearer—a feat which earned the Military Medal for an ex-Spitalfields porter whose conduct was "a great example of devotion to duty".—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

Private F. H. Cook, of Globe Road, Bethnal Green, was a Spitalfields porter before the war. At the Battle of Alamein he was a company stretcher-bearer. When his battalion had retired under heavy fire during the battle, he stayed behind and dressed the wounds of his injured comrades. He gathered several stray men, sheltered them in a trench, and told them to wait until he finished dressing his wounded comrades, and requested them to pray for those seriously wounded. For this action, which "was an inspiration to all those around him and a great example of devotion to duty amidst the most adverse conditions," Private Cook has just been decorated with the Military Medal. The award was made on a dust-swept plateau in Tripolitania, in the presence of Cook's company, by a well-known British Brigadier. The latter stated that Cook attended the wounded men under ferocious mortar fire, and was so close to the German gunners that he could see them loading and firing at him. He carried on until he had dressed all the wounded. Then he helped to bring them out and saved them from capture

The CARE of the WOUNDED

—(continued)

improvement over the best that could be obtained with older methods.

Equal progress has been made in the still more difficult problem of the repair of shock and nervous injury which sometimes follow the din and exhaustion of modern war. Even after complete physical recovery men who have been injured sometimes admit that the stress of noise, dive-bombing and shellfire remains as a "phobia," or hyper-sensitiveness. It was found possible, in many cases, to destroy this phobia by having "on tap" the noises associated with modern battle and air raids. Similarly, a man who has fractured an arm or a leg instinctively dislikes the prolonged period of rest while the fracture unites, and it has been found that in many cases the prolonged rest is psychologically harmful. It may breed, in some types, an injury-consciousness which leads to an instinctive dislike of working the limb concerned, even after full healing, to anything like its full capacity.

This is now avoided from the earliest hours of the accident, as soon as the plaster cast has set, by encouraging exercise of both injured and sound limbs even while the patient is in bed. As soon as he can get up, he embarks on a carefully graded series of exercises.

Nor, of course, do the medical authorities wait until a man is a casualty before giving him any necessary treatment. Not infrequently a recruit shows signs of being unfitted, in some minor respect, for the full rigour of military service. If so, he is posted to an Army Physical Development Centre, where he is given special diet and remedial exercises and gradually "hardened-off" for full service.

For comparatively cleanly-cut wounds, it is now generally accepted that there is no need for prolonged bandaging once a good protective covering has formed over the damaged area. Light and air speed up healing, and the old and painful process of renewing dressings every day can be cut out. The experiment was first tried by French and Belgian doctors in the last war.

By way of contrast, a wound such as that caused by a low-velocity shell splinter is now frequently sealed in plaster of Paris and left undisturbed for a matter of weeks. In such wounds, a large area of tissue will be lacerated and dead, and after really thorough cleaning, healing proceeds quickest if left completely undisturbed under a plaster shell. Trueta, a Spanish surgeon, developed the system through sheer lack of skilled nurses in the civil war. Since dressings could not be changed, he sought for a system which needed no other dressings at all. The

FRONT-LINE HOSPITAL IN A TENT: The interior of a "surgical tent," showing an operation in progress at the far end. This hospital is staffed by U.S. nurses and doctors and functions in Algeria: it is equipped with the most up-to-date apparatus

plaster system was the result, and a very great improvement it has proved.

Still, despite all the skill of doctor, surgeon and nurse, environment is still the all-important factor in deciding the mortality of the wounded. The blood-soaked soil of Flanders was an endless source of infection in the last war. What a contrast with the sterile desert, where the armies are spread thinly over the surface, never staying for long in the same place!

FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILES ACROSS THE DESERT

—(See drawing above on right)

The news that the force under General Leclerc had captured Murzuk, the capital of Fezzan, about the middle of the month, made it clear that he had accomplished a very remarkable march from Fort Lamy, on the eastern side of Lake Chad, over a stretch of territory which included some areas of very difficult country. Owing to the fact that the expedition was unable to use the main route which runs northwards through Murzuk to Tripoli, in French West African territory, the expedition had to proceed by way of the ancient caravan tracks used by the Arab slave-traders in times past. A 400-mile roadway had to be constructed through a specially difficult marshy and uninhabited track which links Lamy base with the selected route. This took the expedition through part of the Tibesti massif, some of the peaks of which rise to 11,000 ft.

This almost Alpine region forms part of a belt of high ground which must be traversed at some point if one is to reach the northern area of Tripolitania. The main route through Tummo, El Gatrun, to Murzuk and beyond is indicated on the above bird's-eye view, together with the main caravan routes which traverse the fertile areas of Fezzan and climb over the desolate plateau of the Hammada el Homera, a vast, stony tableland of some 40,000 square miles.

The Lake Chad force succeeded in surprising a number of military ports held by Italian garrisons, who appear to have been taken by surprise when the attacking force crept upon them by the combined use of silent camel squadrons backed by mechanised columns. With the advance northwards the strength and importance of the military posts increased, and the capture of Murzuk must have been a matter of much skill and dash. After taking possession of the capital city of Fezzan, which is a busy metropolis with streets of shops and a large number of official buildings, the forces pressed on to Umm el Raneb, and succeeded in occupying this forward position on the northward road. At this time it was stated that 700 prisoners had been taken, together with forty guns and eighteen tanks during the course of several operations.

From this point, resistance of local garrisons, following the news of the surrender of Murzuk, must have been negligible, for the column advanced rapidly across the northern portion of Fezzan, climbed on to the Hammada Plateau, and by the middle of the month was reported to be in the vicinity of the Wady Kebin, the actual front mentioned being the Sciueref Oasis. This means that the column was almost in touch with the Eighth Army.

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE EFFORTS OF THE PRESENT WAR: THE 1,500-MILE ADVANCE OF THE FIGHTING FRENCH FORCE from Fort Lamy, in the Lake Chad area, through Murzuk, to the left flank of the Eighth Army in Tripolitania. On this route the column had to traverse the Tibesti massif (some of the peaks of which rise to 11,000 ft.) and the stern and desolate plateau of the Hammada el Homra; the route covers waterless, difficult country tracts in the approach towards the Misurata region—*Drawing by Percy Horne* (see notes at right)

A STRANGE, PSYCHOLOGICAL TRICK OF THE GERMANS DURING THE TUNISIA FIGHTING: A body of eighty of the enemy advance singing a weird song, to which twenty-five of our men replied with "Men of Harlech" as they charged—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

This strange incident took place during the fighting for Green Hill, overlooking Mateur, in Tunisia: it occurred during a night battle when 25 British shock troops charged to the tune of "Men of Harlech" and set 80 Germans running. "By 3.30 we were so hard pressed that we decided to dig in," said the Major in command of the British troops. "Then the Germans produced their newest stunt. Suddenly we saw a long line of enemy in the darkness, about eighty of them. They were in single file, all chanting some blasted song I had never heard before. As they came on, they fired their Schmeizzer tommy-guns from their hips. It was an absolutely screwy spectacle, enough to drive you bats. Our fellows—there were twenty-five of us—were really dazed by it. Then I said, 'Go and shout back,' and we went straight at them, firing Sten guns and chucking grenades. One young Welsh boy charged singing 'Men of Harlech.' He fell with a machine-gun bullet in him, but he continued the song until he died. As we got up to them, the Germans fled. . . ."

THE WAR BY AIR: New Photographs from Various Theatres Throughout the World

THE LIBERATOR WHICH SIGHTED EIGHT GERMAN U-BOATS IN THE COURSE OF THE FOUR-DAY CONVOY BATTLE IN THE ATLANTIC: One of the submarines was "killed" in the manner shown above, during the course of a patrol which lasted for seventeen hours—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Elsewhere in this issue (on pp. 140-141) we publish drawings in illustration of the recent battle between an Allied convoy en route across the Atlantic and a big German "Wolf Pack" of submarines. The picture reproduced here depicts Squadron Leader Bulloch's part in this battle. He had taken off very early in the morning to escort the convoy and reached it just before dawn: the first submarine was sighted by him half an hour later during bad visibility caused by a hailstorm. The vessel was on the surface about eleven miles behind the merchantmen and travelling fast to get up with them. "I circled to attack," said the pilot; "it sighted us and started to crash-dive, but I got it just as it was disappearing, and the depth-charges went down on top of it." The navigator of the aircraft, who had a "grandstand" view of the attack, said: "I looked back from the astro-dome, and saw about 40 ft. of the submarine sticking out of the water at an angle of 30 degrees. The depth-charges exploded right along the track of the U-boat and the spray completely smothered the stern." The attack was apparently so successful that the submarine must have burst open under the water. Masses of debris, in which were bodies, floated to the surface, and a patch of oil nearly 800 yards long spread out on the surface of the sea. Altogether, Squadron Leader Bulloch sighted no fewer than eight U-boats during the course of this one patrol. Towards the end he ran out of depth-charges, but continued to attack with his machine-guns and cannon guns. Before his day's work was through, the Liberator had been on patrol for seventeen hours—a great performance even for this long-range aircraft!

U.S. BOMBERS IN FLIGHT IN THE MIDDLE EAST: These are heavy B.25 bombers of the U.S. Army Air Force during the course of an operational flight. Aircraft of this type carried out the bombing of Tokyo shortly after the entry of Japan into the war: they are constructed by the famous Douglas Company of California and are remarkable for their range, speed and carrying capacity. No operational performances or details have yet been released for publication

HOW OUR BOMB-AIMERS ARE TRAINED FOR OPERATIONAL WORK: A pupil's first effort in target practice over a desolate stretch of foreshore—and not such a bad effort, at that!

THE TYPE OF BOMB USED DURING PRACTICE FLIGHTS: A newly-arrived consignment being examined at an R.A.F. Training Establishment

The R.A.F. are justly proud of the efficiency of our bomb-aimers; but this efficiency is only the outcome of a thorough and comprehensive course of instruction on the bombing ranges which have been established in various lonely parts of the country and along the less-frequented stretches of foreshore. The bomb-aimer is taken up in a training aircraft and has then to put his theoretical knowledge to the test, releasing his bombs from pre-determined heights. By the time he is called upon to make operational flights, the bomb-aimer's education in this respect is very complete

A FIRST PICTURE OF THE ELEVEN AMERICAN AIRACOBRAS WHICH LANDED IN PORTUGAL and are now interned there: These fighter aircraft flew over Lisbon a few days ago and landed, one by one, at the Sacavem Airport in that city. One by one the pilots were approached by the military garrison stationed on the field and surrendered. Apparently they were forced down by lack of petrol after having run into bad weather. The crews have all been interned and their planes stored for the duration of the war. It is believed that the force were part of a large number of planes flying to North Africa. This picture was taken after the eleven had been lined up on the airfield at Lisbon

A PHOTOGRAPH OF A JAPANESE "CAMOUFLAGED" SHIP as seen from the air: In the January 16 issue of *The Sphere* we published a drawing showing how the wily Japs have thought to escape detection by camouflaging some of their transports as "islands." The photograph above shows what happens when Allied aircraft pierce the disguise! Direct hits from U.S. army bombers set fire to this transport which was covered completely on both sides and up its masts with palm trees. It was attempting to sneak through the island-studded waters south of the Bismarck Archipelago near New Britain. Just beyond the vessel are two near misses: later direct hits were scored, and the ship went up in flames

U.S. BOMBS HIT NAPLES: This picture was made by a photographer of the U.S. Army Air Force who was present during the attack on the harbour installations at Italy's big naval base. The bombing aircraft encountered heavy anti-aircraft fire and were attacked by defending fighter-planes

A NORTH AFRICAN ROAD SERVES AS A RUNWAY: A U.S. Navy dive-bomber uses a road near Safi in French Morocco, but sends up the sand as it hits a soft "shoulder" whilst taking off from the improvised aerodrome

GERMAN AIRMEN : Officers and N.C.O.s, in uniform and in flying kit—with an explanation of their badges of rank—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The two men on the left are non-commissioned officers ; the two on the right are officers. The first man on the left is wearing a leather (or leather substitute) jacket and ordinary uniform trousers, with the usual half-boots ; the second is wearing the usual short jacket of the *Luftwaffe*, with breeches and half-boots. The first man is a Senior Flight Ensign, this rank being indicated by the two "pips" on his shoulder and four pairs of wings on the tunic under his leather jacket ; the second man is a Leading Aircraftman, with three pairs of wings on his tunic collar. In the centre is an officer, wearing the high cap only worn by the commissioned ranks : his rank is that of Flight Lieutenant. The fourth officer is dressed in full flying kit with fur collar and with a parachute like that of the R.A.F. His rank is that of Squadron Leader, and the marks of his rank are carried on his flying suit as well as on his tunic

The MYSTERY of the "LUFTWAFFE"

What Does the World Know of Its Personnel or of Its Composition ?

By F. A. NOLAN

THE picture the Nazis permit the world to see of the *Luftwaffe* is a carefully-painted piece of chiaroscuro—a few dazzling highlights to a great deal of shade. The personal careers of *Luftwaffe* leaders, from Göring downwards, are lavishly presented ; Gœbbels also issues a flood of matter in general terms, dealing with the marvellous Stukas, the invincible Focke-Wulfs, and the superlative parachute and glider troops ! But remarkably little "documentary" matter is ever released concerning the recruiting of its personnel, the lives they lead and their relations with the rest of the Nazi forces and German civilians. Even the Swiss aeronautical newspapers publish about three or four times as much "operational" detail of the R.A.F. as they do of the *Luftwaffe*, though geographically one would have expected the reverse.

It was in March 1935 that the Nazi fighters of the Richthofen Wing first roared openly above Berlin, celebrating Hitler's admission that Germany had an air force, despite the Treaty of Versailles. It was actually in the middle 1920's that the *Deutsche Verkehrsflieger Schule* was set up, ostensibly to train civil pilots. The Hitler Youth became sport-flyers and glider enthusiasts, and from 1927 to 1934 secret military flying schools existed at Munich and Nuremberg to train military pilots. After the veil was dropped in 1935, the military nature of the *Luftwaffe* was increasingly stressed. Wherever a war, large or small, provided opportunities for practical experience, German pilots and machines mysteriously arrived. Like the Donnybrook Irishman, the *Luftwaffe* seemed perpetually inquiring : "Is it a private fight or can anyone join in ?" The Kondor Legion in Spain, General Ritter von Greim's Air Corps in China and miscellaneous minor groups in frontier squabbles in South America, carried on the tradition started by Sachsenberg in 1919, when he raised an anti-Bolshevik air force under the nose of the Armistice Commission in Berlin.

As a result, Germany started this war with the only really large first-rate air force in Europe. Since then it has lost (excluding the Russian front) at least 11,000 machines and 30,000 men. How are such losses made good, and whence is the new blood recruited ? Even before the war Germany had forty-five schools in which ordinary professional training for a civilian career was carried on concurrently with training for the *Luftwaffe*. The organisation ensured that the young Nazi might be posted to any unit from Bordeaux to Russia, and find himself in a setting precisely similar to that in which he was trained—or, at least, that is the Nazi theory.

He frequently comes into action at an age rather below that at which R.A.F. men enter active service. *Luftwaffe* pilots of under nineteen have been met quite frequently, indicating they must have commenced operational training at less than eighteen. If he proves a competent and brave flyer, as well as politically reliable, the *Luftwaffe* can be a life career. Wolfram Richthofen (brother of the famous Manfred), now forty-seven, who saw service in the last war, is still flying as Commander of the Eighth Division ; Bruno Lorzer, C.-in-C. of the Second Air Corps, was born in 1891 ; Kesselring himself is of similar age, while General Forster (now on the Leningrad Front) actually took part in the first air manœuvres the Prussian Army ever staged, back in 1910.

The *Luftwaffe's* discipline is fantastically strict, even by German standards. The death penalty is inflicted more frequently than in the last war, and other punishments are so severe that suicide is sometimes preferred by the delinquent.

To do the German Air Force justice, one must admit that it has courageously pioneered some notable technical developments. As an air force, it really believes in travelling by air, moving whole groups and divisions almost entirely by the *Luftwaffe's* own transport planes. German pilots often not merely undertake the ferrying of the *Luftwaffe's* own material needs, but also those of the Army. Both on the Russian front and in North Africa, the *Luftwaffe's* transporters, ferrying everything from men to tanks, appear to have virtually saved the day more than once for the Nazi Army. Time and time again the Russians isolated pockets of Nazi troops, but the Junkers came up in swarms. Since each machine may carry two tons of supplies, or fifteen armed men, the tenacious resistance frequently put up by isolated Nazi groups is easily understood. These transport planes play an important part in switches of the *Luftwaffe* from one front to another. Within fifty-six hours, many Nazi pilots found themselves fighting over the desert, instead of Russia or France. The men make the trips in the giant transport planes. The fighters are leap-frogged by a general "move-up-one" process along the chains of flying fields the Nazis have established all over Europe. Wherever he arrives, the Nazi pilot finds himself in the same standardised, highly regimented atmosphere. He flies the same machine to the same routine, wherever he goes. He does not expect to be popular, either among other branches of the German armed forces, or among civilians at home. Popularity is not a German virtue, and in any case the *Luftwaffe* has never achieved anything for the German comparable with what the R.A.F. did for Britain in 1940.

THIS IS A WARRANT OFFICER OF THE "LUFTWAFFE" : The one star on his shoulder and the three pairs of wings on his collar indicate his rank. He has also been awarded the Iron Cross, the ribbon of which adorns his tunic. This picture was taken at a London station, *en route* for an internment camp

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

THE WORK OF THE WOMEN

AN ALL-GIRL SEARCHLIGHT CREW READY TO COMBAT GERMAN RAIDERS: Searchlight batteries worked entirely by girls of the A.T.S. have been in action several times lately against enemy raiders, and their work under these conditions has won high praise from Senior Army officers. This picture was taken within the Greater London area: the girls are at a "two-minute stand-to," which means that they may go to the Rest Hut to knit, or read or chat, but must be ready to go into action within two minutes

TWO W.A.A.F. FLIGHT MECHANICS TACKLE AN INTRICATE MECHANICAL JOB: The work of aircraft maintenance is a vital factor both in the defence of Britain's skies and the offensive against enemy territory. It speaks volumes for the intelligence and skill of the W.A.A.F. personnel that suitable members have been selected to undertake this important work. The results of examination and practical tests of work on the job show that W.A.A.F. recruits have made good use of their opportunities

POSTWOMEN OF THE ARMY: A.T.S. sorting parcels—from left to right: Privates Muriel Johnson (former telegraphist, of Mosley), May Gorst (switch-board operator, of Lancaster), Muriel Shaw (clerk, of Manchester), Mavis Haynes (shop assistant, of Coventry), and Corporal Gwen Hilditch (shop assistant, of Fulham): Women of the A.T.S. play a big part in the gigantic task of handling millions of letters from Britain to our fighting troops abroad. Working alongside soldiers of great postal experience, these A.T.S. girls are capable of sorting 8,000 letters each per day. This picture was taken at an Army Post Office in the Midlands

ARMY POSTWOMEN AT WORK IN THE MIDLANDS: In the foreground is Private Esther Veitch, of Glasgow, who, in civilian life, was employed as a Corporation telephonist

A.T.S. GIRLS IN THEIR OFF-DUTY MOMENTS, with a view of a typical A.T.S. "art gallery." This barrack-room in Wales is called "The Beehive" by the girls. It gives a good idea of the sort of subjects in which some members of the A.T.S. are interested!

SUBURBAN BUSES ARE TO BE FITTED WITH SNOW-PLOUGHS: Buses on the outskirts of London are to be fitted with these ploughs, to try out when it snows. Some buses have already been fitted with the ploughs, but unless snow does fall they are not likely to be seen by the public. Here driver and woman conductor are seen lowering one of the shields into its working position

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

ARTISTRY—BIOGRAPHICAL and FICTIONAL

Arnold Palmer's Candid Biography; Houses Old and New; One of Alice Duer Miller's Earlier Novels; Tough Characters and a Thriller That Really Thrills

I HAVE no idea whether there is a critics' convention that opposes any favourable reference to a contemporary's disposition. If there is I intend to ignore it and to state that Mr. Arnold Palmer's biography of Russell Flint shows him to be a man of humour, modesty and charm, as well as an artist of unquestioned distinction. Mr. Flint is lucky in his biographer, who seems to have the three necessary qualities of candour, exactness and a kind of friendly exasperation with his subject. I must quote from MORE THAN SHADOWS (Studio. 15s.) to demonstrate how much the last quality enhances the others, and how valuable it is in a sincere biography.

A.P.: By the way, I saw in some old reference book that you were elected to the Royal Institute of Oil Painters in 1910. . . . I gathered you had hardly ever painted an oil before the picture you sent to the Academy in 1923.

W.R.F.: Well, I hadn't painted many.

A.P. (after waiting for more): We can't leave it like that.

W.R.F.: Well, naturally I tried my hand at an occasional oil, and then friends suggested that I ought to send some to the R.O.I., and so I did.

A.P. (disgusted): And I suppose they were hung?

W.R.F.: Yes, they were.

A.P.: And I suppose you were elected?

W.R.F.: Well, yes, somehow or other I was. But cheer up! I soon resigned, you know. I wasn't yet in an oily mood.

A.P.: It's not very satisfactory, and it's ruined the story.

W.R.F. (humbly): Yes, I suppose it has.

The reproductions of representative examples of his work—eight of them in full colour and the remaining 128 in black and white—complete the book, with the artist's own observations to supplement them. The latter, by the way, are both witty and revealing, and I recommend the reader to his brief account of the conditions he found in Spain in 1931. To Mr. Palmer, his "courteous biographer" (and far more than that) goes great credit for a well-planned and quite enchanting volume, and for a biography that is both intelligent and intuitive.

The books of Miss D. E. Stevenson are apt to ramble along in a friendly way, without a great deal of tension or excitement but with a pleasantly fluent narrative style, rather as if they had been written in pencil in a number of notebooks and added to until there was enough for a whole novel. The result is a little amateur, a little old-fashioned and curiously soothing. Miss Stevenson apes nobody's style and has none herself beyond an agreeable easiness, and an evident love for the border country of which she writes in this book.

CELIA'S HOUSE (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is the story of Dunnian, a solid, eighteenth-century house with no pretensions to stateliness or grandeur but a very worthy house for all that. The country of fells and woods and rocky streams surrounding it was loved by the Dunne family, who had for generations been born and lived and died in the house, and for most of whom an existence without Dunnian was unthinkable. For Humphrey Dunne, the naval officer who inherited the place, Dunnian meant security for his gentle wife and his children, and a perfect home for them and for himself on those all-too-brief intervals ashore. For the children and their friends Dunnian came to mean a host of different things, and for only one of them was it negligible—a stepping-stone to a more worldly life. There are a few loose ends in the author's pattern, but no other kind of confusion, and hers is eminently a peaceful and soothing piece of work that will leave the reader in a mood calm to the point of complacency.

A very different kind of house figures in Miss Ursula Bloom's new book: a four-square, non-fictional cottage with a temperamental boiler, leaky roof and windows guaranteed to invite draughts.

NO LADY BUYS A COT (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.) is not only Miss Bloom's title, but her plaint, for in this would-be melancholy recital we learn of the writer's own struggles with a more or less new house.

The appeal of this book will certainly be greater to women than to men, I imagine, since it contains no problem beyond the scope of immediate domesticity. It may make them laugh or sigh, according to their humour or compassion, but for me it was a Cautionary Tale in the most forbidding sense of the word. Perhaps Chelsea is, if not the Promised Land, at least the home of security as Miss Bloom would have us believe (in spite of having been bombed out of her flat there).

Certainly fifteen years ago, and possibly more, I saw a film in which a beautiful, rich and headstrong American girl causes the death of a traffic policeman who is chasing her car on a motor-bicycle. The high point of the story was the trial scene, in which the young District Attorney, who is secretly in love with her, prosecutes her successfully, and she is sent to prison for manslaughter.

Hollywood was then at the height of its most lavish, spare-no-expense period, and the D.A.'s speech was a first-class opportunity for taking roughly half a mile of film depicting Roman orgies of an ornate, if unimaginative, character.

The film story ended happily and was, as far as I can remember, a great success.

I was forcibly reminded of all this when reading this week what must have been one of the late Alice Duer Miller's earlier novels, though I found no indication of that in the publisher's "blurb." MANSLAUGHTER (Methuen. 7s. 6d.) is apparently the book from which the film was made, and cannot have been written much less than twenty years ago.

The reader will find little to remind him of the author of *The White Cliffs* here, but a rather sentimental, very readable tale of the fast Long Island set of those days.

The pace of Mr. W. R. Burnett's new novel—and of all his work for that matter—cannot be called breathless, since that implies an exhausting form of effort on the part of the reader. THE QUICK BROWN FOX (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) simply carries one along as in a high-powered motor-car, possibly a super-Jeep. There are no lapses, no pausing for dissertation, and before one knows it, one is at the end of a reasonably exciting, very slickly told story about people who, in analysis, are fundamentally uninteresting. Or who would be if they came from another pen than Mr. Burnett's.

Not that I believe, in parenthesis, that this writer uses a pen. Quite obviously he uses the brisker, harder-hitting method of the typewriter, and, ever since I read *Little Cæsar*, I have thought I had found the derivation of that slang word for machine-gun.

A small, Middle Western town, gasping in summer heat, is the scene of the present novel, and the local newspaper office is the focal-point of that scene. If there is no fraternity of gangsters in the sense of earlier books, Mr. Burnett still obliges with some adequately tough types, and with a Hawaiian native who totes a lethal, two-edged sword in place of the more commonplace "gat."

Mr. Burnett gets better and better, and is reaching a point where he can write circles round some of his more conservative colleagues.

I have inveighed often enough on this page against the thriller that failed to thrill or chill. Now I have found one that does both, to the extent of having some very unpleasant moments.

Miss Gladys Mitchell's WORSTED VIPER (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.) may be slightly below par when it comes to the neat regimentation of clues, and, with her, imagination tips the scales a little more heavily than logic, but that is a healthy fault in this type of work, and more than compensated by the generous allowance of really 'orrible murders.

If I had a fault to find it would be one of personal prejudice against the too hearty atmosphere of women college students on vacation. There may be nothing particularly hearty about the crop of murders, but there is a certain determined brightness among the three young female sleuths that I found disconcerting.

The elderly Mrs. Bradley, however, is as inimitable and indefatigable as ever, the intricate waterways of the Norfolk Broads are faithfully mapped, the local speech amusingly and—I would hazard—faithfully reproduced, and there are satisfactory horrors of every kind

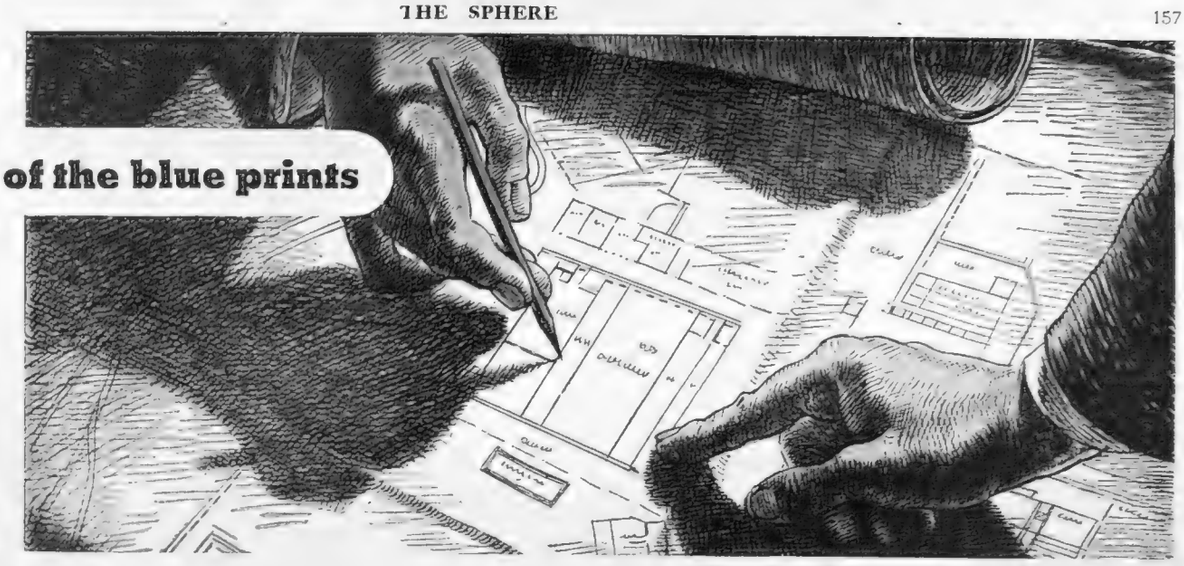
THE COLLECTION OF BOOKS FOR SERVICE AND CIVILIAN HOSPITALS: Mr. Knollys, a voluntary packer, baling up a 2-cwt. parcel for the Middle East: The war organisation of the British Red Cross and Order of St. John Hospital Library in London has been collecting books for hospitals since the war began. Nearly 2,000,000 books and magazines have been distributed during that period, and of these Londoners have sent in nearly 1,000,000. Middle East Hospitals are the most urgent source of call: if Aden, Bagdad and Iraq are included, this zone has received more than 179,000 books and magazines. Detective and western stories modern biography and travel are the main preferences of the Forces

PREPARING TO LANDSCAPE BRITAIN AFTER THE WAR: Mr. Ian Walker at work on one of his plans: Mr. Walker, one of our promising landscape-gardeners before the war, has prepared plans for the future landscaping of the country. These feature "Castle Town Construction," which eliminates slums and overcrowding, and completely solves the traffic problems in a town. The plans allow of the maximum of sunlight, fresh air and country atmosphere; and within the "castles" are shops built on terraces, theatres and cinemas, parks and playgrounds

A Reminder!

THE SALVAGE OF WASTE PAPER IS THE CONCERN OF EVERY CITIZEN IN WARTIME

The battle of the blue prints



TO-DAY, brains count no less than brawn. The times encourage swift action, resourceful adaptability. Witness one example which is common knowledge. Not so long ago The Nuffield Organization was a group of automobile manufacturers responsible for a large part of the car production of this country. To-day it is something immeasurably greater—a vast engineering undertaking whose personnel, plant and experience have placed it in a major position in British industry—an organization whose potentialities must increasingly influence the shape of things to come.

The
NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION
A CORNERSTONE OF BRITAIN'S INDUSTRIAL STRUCTURE

Morris Motors Ltd., Wolseley Motors Ltd., The M.G. Car Co., Ltd., Riley (Coventry) Ltd., Morris Commercial Cars Ltd., S.U. Carburetter Co., Ltd., Nuffield Mechanizations Ltd., Morris Industries Exports Ltd.

The NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION

Dry rot in full flower!

WHEREVER TIMBER IS USED SOLIGNUM PROTECTS IT

For forty years Solignum has been used all over the world for the protection of timber against attack by Dry-Rot, Damp and Insect Pests—but never before has this protection been of such vital importance as now. In this country Sheds, Huts, Fences and Structural Timbers all need the protection that Solignum can give—in the tropics Solignum has also been doing yeoman service in the protection of timber against attack by White Ants and other pests. Solignum can be applied with an ordinary paint brush, spray gun or by dipping.

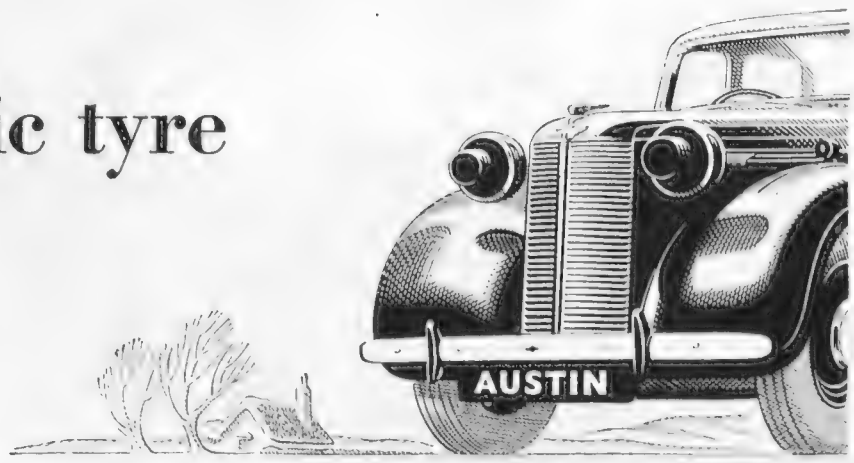
SOLIGNUM

WOOD PRESERVING STAIN AND WHITE ANT DESTROYER

SOLIGNUM LTD.
Donington House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.2

FROM AUSTINS TO AUSTIN OWNERS

When is a pneumatic tyre **NOT** a pneumatic tyre?



A tyre is not really pneumatic unless the load is being carried by the air inside it. Any underinflated tyre carries part of the load on its casing. This causes overflexing. The heat generated results in separation and rupture of the fabric. Rapid, uneven wear of the tread ensues. Don't spoil the value of your Austin's wartime job by letting it waste precious rubber. Always keep tyres at correct pressure.

Help your AUSTIN to help the Country

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE—*it contains useful tips—4d. monthly* THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, BIRMINGHAM

'SANATOGEN' REGD. TRADE MARK NERVE-TONIC FOOD

DIVERSION

We are sorry to disappoint you, but the vital needs of the country *must* come first, and the materials which go to the making of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin' are now needed for other and more urgent purposes. Please remember this when you have difficulty in obtaining 'Sanatogen' and 'Genasprin'.

'Genasprin' REGD. TRADE MARK KILLS PAIN QUICKLY—TIME IT!

MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED

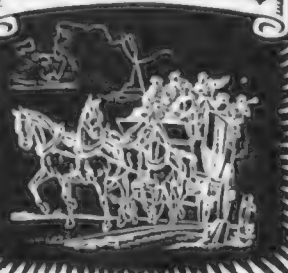
Chairman: THE RIGHT HON. R. McKENNA
Deputy Chairman: S. CHRISTOPHERSON
Chief General Manager: HERBERT A. ASTBURY

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS
December 31, 1942

LIABILITIES	£
Capital paid up	15,158,621
Reserve Fund	12,910,609
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	760,094,994
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	2,905,299
Engagements	10,299,882
ASSETS	
Coin, Notes and Balances with Bank of England	80,592,217
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	33,251,334
Money at Call and Short Notice	25,758,153
Bills Discounted (Treasury Bills £32,815,922)	34,696,054
Treasury Deposit Receipts	201,000,000
Investments	235,221,988
Advances and other Accounts	159,436,077
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, etc.	13,205,181
Bank Premises	8,844,446
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	937,500
Shares in Affiliated Companies: Belfast Banking Co. Ltd., The Clydesdale Bank Ltd., North of Scotland Bank Ltd., Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	8,426,455

HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

History in the making



In 1805, *when the express stage-coach journey from Bath to London took 2 days,* the firm of Seager Evans was founded, the makers of the Gin that to-day is still unrivalled.

SEAGERS GIN

22/6 Full size bottle. 11/9 Half bottle.
Supplied to the public through the Retail Trade ONLY.

EST° 1805 TRADE MARK

Keeping Contact

Centred in Regent Street, London, and with branches up and down the country, the Austin Reed service enables men and women in uniform to have a complete service at all times in the following towns: Aldershot, Bath, Bournemouth, Edinburgh, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Oxford, Southampton.

AUSTIN REED

of Regent Street

Telephone : Regent 6789

Dear Sirs, *Carlisle.*

I am enclosing a photograph which I thought might interest you as this shows my perfect teeth, which have been very much admired since I came up here, and I think the credit for this is entirely due to the regular use of Eucryl Tooth Powder.

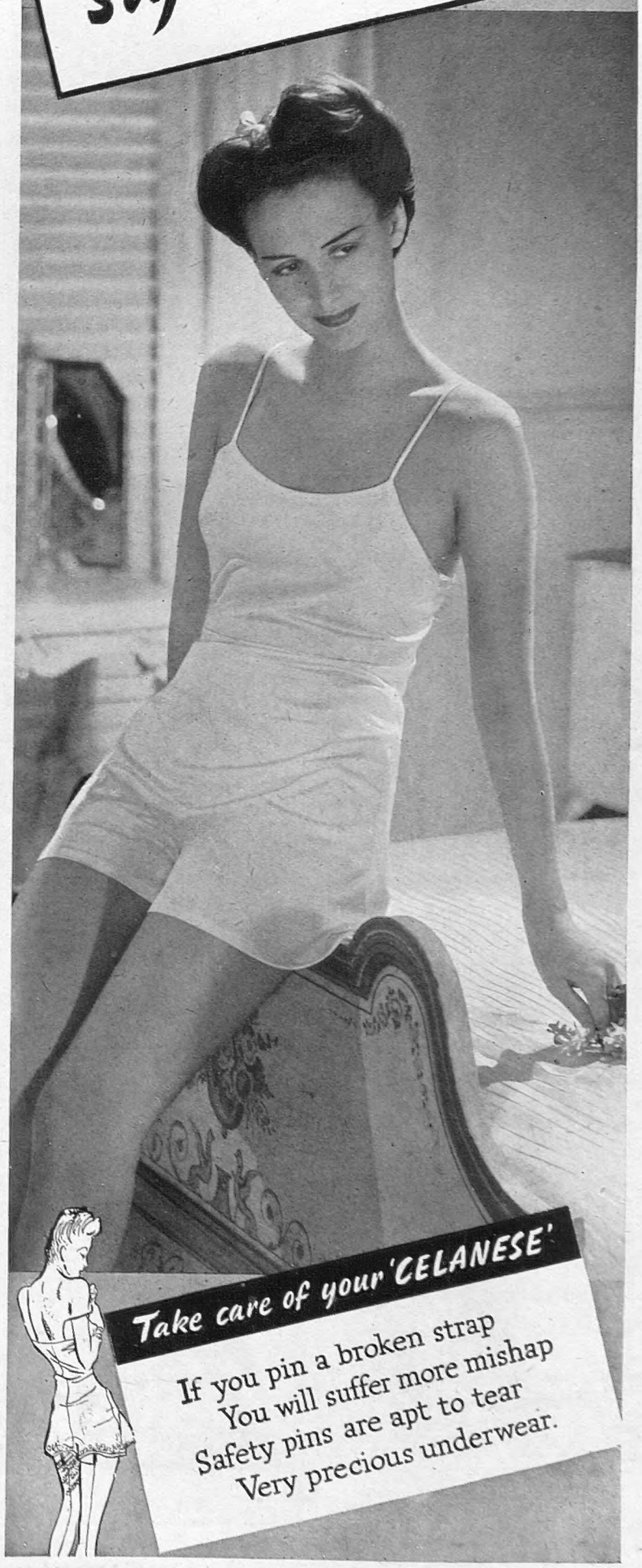
Before the war I was a professional model in London, but after war broke out I found myself looking after evacuated children in the country (quite strenuous work) and I must say I always rely on the whitening properties and pleasant fragrance of Eucryl : it always makes me feel quite fresh again on going home and brushing my teeth with it after spending a busy afternoon with the children.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) A. J.....

SOLD IN TINS 9d. AND 1/3

TRADE MARK

'Celanese' Signifies Quality —STILL

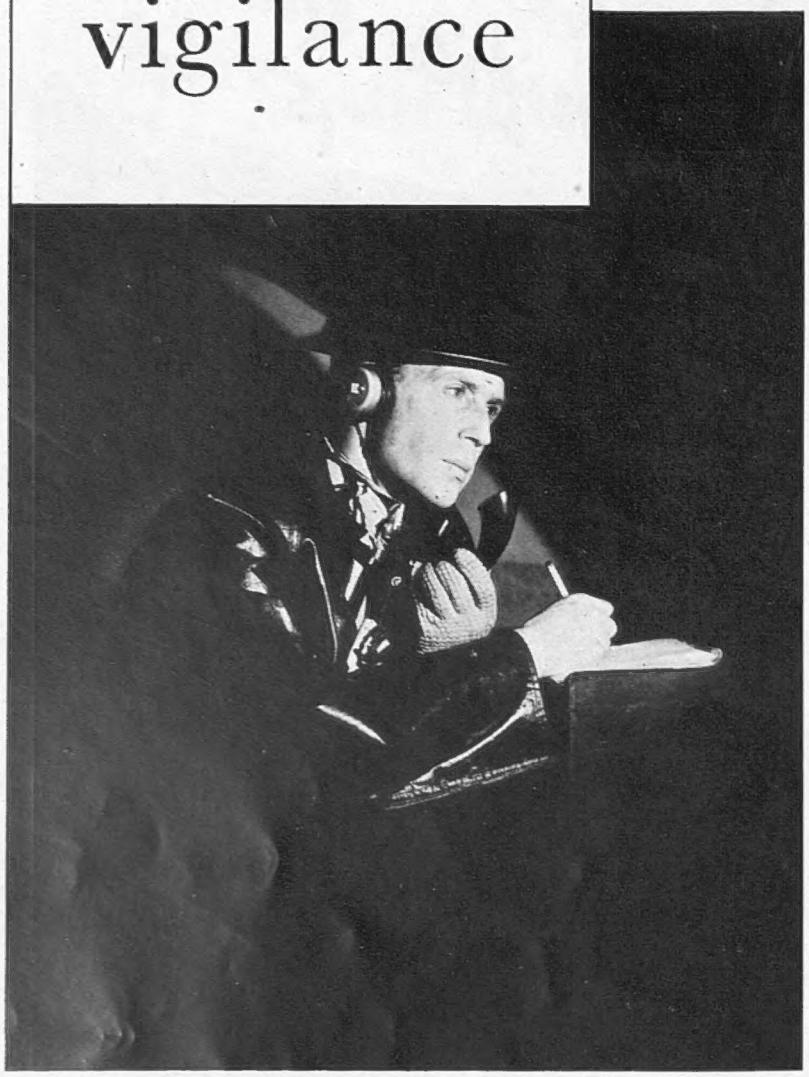


Take care of your 'CELANESE'

If you pin a broken strap
You will suffer more mishap
Safety pins are apt to tear
Very precious underwear.

Sole Manufacturers of 'Celanese' Yarns and Fabrics and Proprietors of the Trade Mark 'Celanese': British Celanese Limited, Hanover Square, London

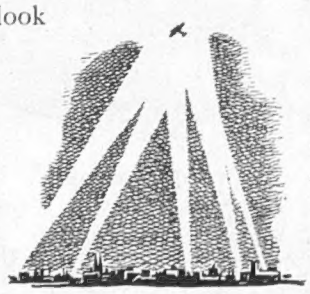
This vigilance



His eyes, his ears keep watch on the skies of Britain. *These* eyes must not falter, *these* ears must not grow dull—they are the vital faculties of our defence. We can't all be in the anti-aircraft services. But we *can* all bring this vigilance to our own wartime tasks. This is the spirit that is always ready—to defend and attack. The spirit that wins through—to victory.

This is the spirit we must all cultivate to-day. So that in the years of peace to come our children will look back and wonder :

"*But for their vigilance . . . . . ?*"



The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Coventry

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.*

BOURNE HALL HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH

Offers shops, scenery and plenty of sunshine. Provides admirable quarters in a central position. Bridge, Billiards, Warmth and plenty of breathing-space. Resident Directors : Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bray. From 4½ gns.

THE NORFOLK HOTEL

BOURNEMOUTH

Traditional superiority. Combines all the factors that one expects to find in a first-class hotel, Restaurant, grill room, men's bar, Richmonde Lounge—the social rendezvous of Bournemouth—with The Norfolk Hotel Broadcasting Orchestra. Apartments each with P.O. telephone and most with private bathroom. Tel. 7272 every room. *Resident Directors :* Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McInnes.

COOMBE HOUSE HOTEL

DORSET, Nr. Shaftesbury

Away from the atmosphere of war. Situation healthy and beautiful. Every comfort. Trains met Semley by appointment. Tel. : Shaftesbury 130.

If QUANTITY is less, QUALITY remains in the Grill Room of

The ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, Exeter

The social hub of Devon

SPREAD EAGLE HOTEL

MIDHURST, Sussex

Tel. : Reception—Midhurst 10 ; Visitors—Midhurst 343

Terms from 6 gns. For travel directions, write or telephone.

A.D. 1430. Not a prohibited area. **For your leave and a restful holiday** come to this historic house. Excellent food from our own farms, modern comforts, good fellowship, in atmosphere of the good old times.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, PENZANCE

We face the South, the sun and the sea. We offer modern amenities in our 60 bedrooms. We have a lift and are fully licensed. Bathing, boating, tennis and golf can still be enjoyed. A pleasurable spot for your break from war work. Tel. : Penzance 471. Terms from 4½ gns.

WALDRONHYRST, SOUTH CROYDON

A residential hotel which provides safety and satisfaction, within ½-hr. of West End. But "seeing is believing." 'Phone—CROydon 2641, and arrange to view the 40 rooms, the 6 acres, the wealth of garden produce. Terms from 4 gns.

HEADLAND HOTEL

TORQUAY

Though often full, it is an hotel to make a note of should you wish to enjoy quiet luxury midst peaceful surroundings. The Management will welcome advance enquiries.

THE SPA HOTEL, ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

AND HERE IS PEACE . . . An hotel of dignity and charm set in a healthy position 400 feet up, facing the sun and the South. Surrounded by 60 acres of parkland with sporting golf course. London under an hour by train. *Telephone : Tunbridge Wells 1911*

GROVE HALL HOTEL, TWYFORD, Berks.

I particularly recommend this hotel to those who have to journey to London daily. Only three-quarters of an hour from Paddington and two minutes' walk from the station. It's attractively situated in its own park, and every bedroom has its private bathroom. 6 gns. weekly. Tel. : Twyford 106.

ROTOL

'CONSTANT SPEED' · VARIABLE PITCH FEATHERING PROPELLERS

TWO ★ THREE ★ FOUR ★ *and* SIX BLADE CONTRA-ROTATING

R.A.107.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1943. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

Garden Freshness

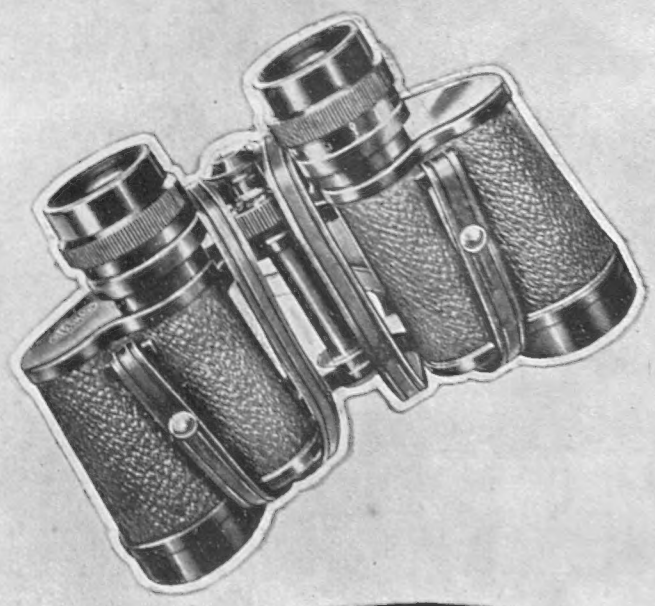
With a supply of Batchelor's canned Fruits and Vegetables you can vary your meals and plan ahead, thus saving that everlasting 'what next?' 'Batchelor's' are scarce these days but one day they'll return, supreme as ever, to reward your patience.

P.S.—Don't forget Batchelor's Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce.

Batchelor's

CANNED ENGLISH

FRUITS & VEGETABLES



KERSHAW

Kershaw's Famous Prismatic Binoculars, British all through—the world's standard of quality—will be available again at a later date

SOHO LIMITED

COLHAM MILL RD., WEST DRAYTON, MIDDLESEX

(BRANCH OF A. KERSHAW & SONS LTD.)

News from the War Fronts

comes by

CABLE AND WIRELESS

LIMITED

the all-British Overseas Telegraph Company that is carrying across the world a volume of traffic unprecedented in telegraph history, *amounting to* 600,000,000 *words a year.*

★ The bulk of this is urgent Government traffic vital to those working on land, at sea, and in the air

★ But despite this load of wartime traffic it is carrying an entirely new service of telegrams to and from your relatives in the Forces overseas. *It is carrying half a million of these messages every month, or* 60,000,000 *words a year.*

★ And it also brings you news and pictures from all the war fronts. Press traffic, at a penny a word, *is nearly four times what it was in* 1938.

★ The strain of wartime traffic is very great. Cable and Wireless is now handling more than 1½ million words a day in its unceasing service. With this, and the loss of its main Far Eastern routes, it is not always possible to give the same service as in peace time, but the Company and its Staff are doing all that is humanly possible.

STOP THAT COLD WITH

VAPEX

INHALANT

For the safe, quick, pleasant relief of Colds and Catarrh

Breathe the Vapour

Of all Chemists 2/3

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.

Vale of Bardsley, Lancashire

V222

BREAST SUPPORTER

Trade Mark. Patents. *Regd. Design. Copyright Reserved.*

White material, For drooping, heavy figures from 59/6

Loose Breasts, from 52/6

Pink, Silk or Net, Detachable straps.

Very low back model, from 63/-

Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.

JOUJOU GIVES UPLIFT and SUPPORT to FIRM or LOOSE BREASTS

INGENIOUS DESIGN for AMPUTATION

WITHOUT & WITH

NURSE WITH COMFORT

TO PREVENT BREAST FROM DRAGGING, COLLAR-BONES FROM PROTRUDING, MUST WEAR JOUJOU BREASTS SUPPORTER. IT PREVENTS SORENESS, CHAFE AND STOOPING. GIVES UPLIFT. RELIEVES PAIN, INFLAMMATION, WHICH ARISE FROM NEGLECT. ALSO DESIGNED FOR MATERNITY AND NURSING MOTHERS. PREVENTS MILK CLOTTING. MUST BE WORN DAY AND NIGHT.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste. FOR AMPUTATION. *Prices on application.*

Joujou Breast Supporter with Pad.

Personal fitting when calling or send your order. Illustrated circular sent upon receipt of stamped addressed envelope. Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Write or 'Phone Welbeck 1249

30143

Obtainable only from— Dept. SH.458

"JOUJOU" Co. 32 BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1

OLD BOOKS HELP TO MAKE BOMBS AND SHELLS—BUNDLE THEM OUT NOW—PLEASE! THE NEED IS URGENT.

Good work—good whisky

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1943. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.